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Book Reviews

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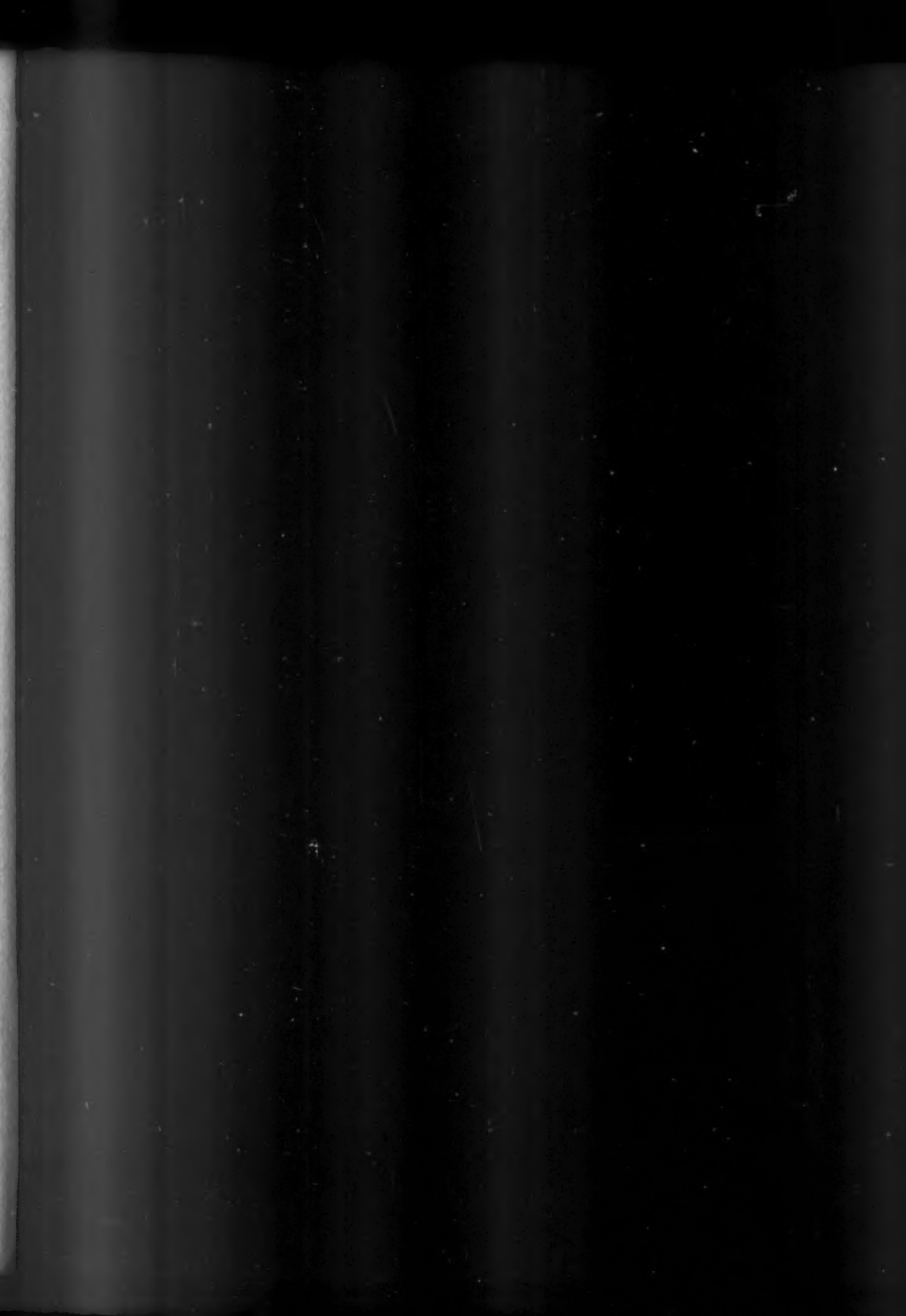
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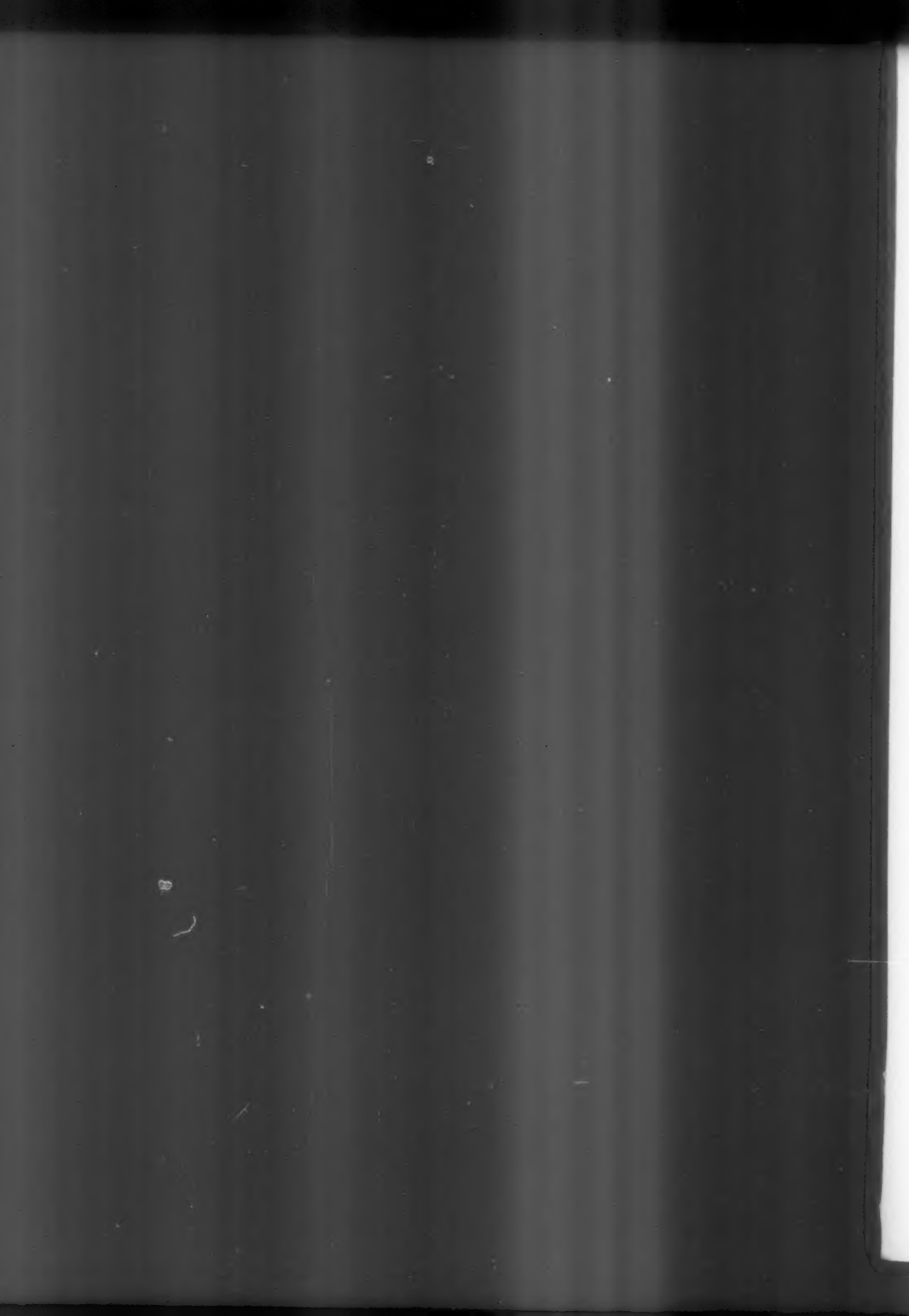
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THE POLITICS OF REPENTANCE*

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

FOR THE TOTALITARIAN systems there is no such thing as a society of nations. No doubt the society of nations is a rudimentary thing. But it is the breath of life to the democracies, or rather it is the environment which they need in order to exist. The democracies aspire to the creation of a reign of international law, as to the condition of their own existence. That they have been ignorant of this demand of their own nature is one of the great tragedies of modern times: for the ignorance and vindictiveness by which, at the moment of their supreme power, in 1918, they were led to treat Germany as outside the pale of the law, has been the most potent factor in creating that powerful determination to repudiate the whole idea of an international society governed by law, which inspires the leader of modern Germany.

That is the situation which confronts us today—the determination of two of the most powerful nations in Europe to repudiate the principle of an international society. This repudiation is not theoretical: it is a fact. Over that portion of Europe which is comprised of Germany and Italy, and so far as their coercive power effectively extends, the rudimentary society of nations is destroyed. And they intend to go on with the work of creating moral and political chaos, wherein no law but the law of force shall be recognized. At some

* Author's Note: This article, designed as a chapter of my forthcoming book, *The Defence of Democracy*, was written before the September crisis. It has been revised only slightly, because it is felt that the outbreak of hostilities only puts off, makes vastly more difficult, but cannot radically alter, the tasks of democracy. Even if the last shred of British democracy disappears with the war, there is the future Versailles to take thought of. And America at least still has a breathing-space in which to become conscious of the values which she instinctively cherishes and which she represents to the world.

point evidently, the creation of chaos will come to an end. But there can be no doubt that today the forces of chaos are in the ascendant, or that they will be for years to come.

If we were to recognize the forces of chaos for what they are, we should be able to consider the difficult problem of how they are to be resisted. Instead of that, during the late negotiations and appeasements, we appeared to insist on regarding the forces of chaos as entirely respectable. We harbored the illusion that by personal contact with the dictators, a "gentleman's understanding" could be reached. For all I know, Herr Hitler may be a charming person, as charming, in his own particular style, as Mr. Chamberlain is in his. But it is nothing to the purpose. Herr Hitler's morality is evil: justice and honor have no place in it. And it seems to me that by consorting personally with statesmen who make no secret of their intention to break agreements whenever it suits them, Mr. Chamberlain was doing an ill service to the peace of the world. To seek out occasion to talk with such men on friendly terms is to become an accomplice in their crimes.

It would be all very well if our responsible statesman had undertaken his missions in the capacity of a Christian saint, for whom there is nothing common or unclean. But Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable indifference to ethical defects evidently derived from no such exalted source; it seemed rather more like the moral indifference of the bagman. But even the bagman is supposed to be interested in whether his shady customers are going to pay their accounts. Nor is he afraid, when he sells to someone in the moral category of Signor Mussolini, to demand cash down. At this point Mr. Chamberlain seemed to be visited by Christian scruples, and to feel that it would be unkind to make such a request. It would show that he did not trust Signor Mussolini. And that would never do. So when commercial morality commanded that there must be no more dealings with the Duce or the Führer except on a cash basis, Mr. Chamberlain had recourse to the Sermon on the Mount; and when the Führer disappointed all Christian expectation, Mr. Chamberlain turned again to his commercial axiom that morals have nothing to do with business. It was a queer pattern of statesmanship; and I cannot help but think it was a degen-

erate one. It has been completely confusing to the moral sense of the nation.

The moral sense of a nation in matters of politics is always inchoate and rudimentary; quickly weary of well-doing and only too eager to relax into quiescence. It is the task of the statesmen to give it a lead, to elicit the unformed thought from its dumb cradle. When the democratic statesman fails to give a moral lead to his countrymen in time of crisis, he fails it completely. Ever since the war, our democratic statesmen have failed us in Britain. Mr. Lloyd George failed us in 1918-1919, and since then the process has been continuous. In Mr. Chamberlain democratic statesmanship has fairly run to seed. British democracy, under his leadership, has no idea what it stands for, or whether it stands for anything at all.

We had better try to find out, before it is too late. I am, alas, only a tyro in these realms; but to importunate questions to which one can get no satisfying answer from authority, one is compelled to try to find the answer oneself.

It is the self-delusion of moral inertia to suppose that the drift of European society towards the spurious community of totalitarianism can be withstood by an affirmation of our "faith in democracy," if we mean by it, as we almost always do, our own peculiar form of the parliamentary system. That is no prophylactic against disaster. Democracy is the system by which the members of a society are given the maximum of responsible freedom. There is no mysterious virtue in the system itself whereby the citizens of the society are constrained to make a wise use of the responsible freedom which they have attained. They have come of age, and entered into their patrimony: the analogue of that legal and formal, but significant transformation, democracy does indeed secure to its citizens. But it can, of itself, do nothing to prevent them behaving like fools and squandering their patrimony. To say that one believes in democracy and to leave it at that, is nearly as silly as it would be to say that one believes in people coming of age.

It will be felt, by those at least who take a short view of the situation, that the perversion of the productive energies of society to the production of instruments of destruction on a fantastic scale, which indirectly promotes the subversion of democracy, is not willed

by the democracies. They are compelled to do it by the aggressiveness of the totalitarian countries. That is only superficially true; and if we accept that account of the matter we are deluding ourselves, in the familiar way.

Men at some time are masters of their fate:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

In the first place there is an economic compulsion to produce for destruction, since our property-system does not permit us to produce maximally for construction. Secondly, after the last war we had opportunity after opportunity of disarming: the world expected it of us, and we were pledged to Germany to do so. Had we taken disarmament seriously and not used it merely to hold Germany down, the situation would have been vastly different today. Thirdly, the reason why we were "unable" to disarm was that we needed our armaments to maintain a flagrantly unjust treaty of peace. The same moral failure of British democracy, which is operative on the economic plane as a compulsion to produce for destruction since it has not the imagination or the will to change an obsolete and unjust property-system, was manifest on the world-political plane as a brutal determination to wreak vengeance on an heroic but defeated Germany. It is not Germany, but the democracies, which began the definite movement of regression from civilization and from justice which has become a stampede today.

The maintenance of the hunger-blockade of Germany by the Allies for eight months after the armistice, inflicting upon the innocent German people eight hundred deaths a day, is one of the foulest crimes of modern times. Now, it is true, Germany has taken the grim lead in barbarism. But how much despair, how much cynicism, did we not need to create in German hearts before that wave of reversion was possible. The moral guilt of the democracies in continuing the blockade and imposing the Peace of Versailles with the moral humiliation of the "war-guilt" clause is terrible to contemplate. The hypocrisy of our public declarations rises up like a judgment against us: that we were fighting not against the peoples but the rulers of Germany, that we were struggling to make the world safe for democ-

racy, that we were engaged in a war to end war. These things one has tried to forget: for what was the use of remembering them? Why remember that generation of gallant youth which died for a cause which the "statesmen" of democracy so shamelessly betrayed. What could the memory bring but blank and utter despair?

The moral abdication of democracy was in 1918. The nemesis has been swift and bitter, and it has only begun. But even today, one thing seems certain: that the great twin democracies of Western Europe will never be in such a commanding position again, never again be in a position to give the world the example of justice from overwhelming strength. Because of that moral abdication—that "great refusal"—democracy is, in twentieth-century Europe, no longer an expanding faith, as it was in the nineteenth century. It is not for an advance of democracy that we have to struggle today; the time for that is long since gone by, and the opportunity of it we ourselves threw away: our struggle is to halt, if we can, the insidious and accelerating process of the decay of democracy.

There is repentance; and there is humiliation. I believe that the salvation of democracy lies in repentance. If, as I believe, democracy is a Christian form of society, if its living idea is a Christian idea, and its fundamental value a Christian value, then the repentance of democracy cannot really be a motion alien to its soul, although the politics of repentance may be strange to its habits. But I believe that, unless we discover the politics of repentance, the condition of moral crisis into which the democracies are plunged will degenerate into a condition of despair and decay.

Nevertheless, when all this is fully admitted, as it must be, there are excuses to be made for the democracies. Of these, the chief is that democracy, in the modern sense, is a new system of government, and that its failure to acquire a sense of responsibility is not surprising. One might well ask: Who, in contemporary English democracy, *has* a sense of responsibility? Granted the working class has behaved irresponsibly, have their superiors behaved any better? On the contrary, they have behaved rather worse. The record of English "conservatives" during and since the war is truly appalling. The irresponsible sabotage of the League of Nations in which they indulged, their apparent inability to consider any other than a purely

selfish interest, at home and abroad, and even that in a completely short-sighted and unimaginative way, seems to show that they are verily incapable of realizing that we live in a new world, where their myopic egotism is madness. If democracy has failed, it is not that anything better could replace it in this country. It is quite absurd to suppose that any conceivable aristocracy, or oligarchy, or dictatorship, or absolute monarchy would serve us any better. Democracy is still more sensitive and more conscious than any authoritarian government that could replace it: the democracies suffer from a kind of moral paralysis, indeed, but it is because they are superior organisms that they are thus inhibited.

The paralysis of the national will which has been apparent in the democracies, and can be plausibly diagnosed as decadence, proceeds from a condition of profound moral bewilderment. If it be true in the world of nations that "he who hesitates is lost," then the democracies are lost: for they were plunged into a crisis of hesitation which could not easily be resolved. The plain fact of the matter is that they are incapable of meeting, on its own level and with its own weapons, the challenge to their vestigial Christian values that was being deliberately made by the Fascist totalitarian states. The incapacity sprang from a moral reluctance. That moral reluctance will, no doubt, be overwhelmed now the horrors of international war are let loose; but that makes no difference to the fact that there was, while peace could be preserved, a genuine moral reluctance in the democracies to meet the challenge of Fascist totalitarianism on its own level and with its own weapons. Nations need peace for their moral conscience to be operative, just as individuals need calm: and reluctance to go to war, and, above all, to have recourse to the abominations of totalitarian war, is itself a sign of superior morality, a more sensitive conscience.

The democracies have offenses and crimes enough to their charge, and their responsibility for the appalling degeneration of the public morality of Europe is tremendous; nevertheless, it must be plainly said that the challenge of Fascism to the democracies is the challenge of an inferior to a superior morality: and the bewilderment of the democracies is due to the fact that they do not know how to meet that challenge, without suffering moral degradation themselves. They

are paralyzed by the moral ambiguity of the situation in which they are involved. The injustices which they committed have indeed been righted, but by means even more unjust. They are inhibited, mainly by their horror of war, from opposing brute force to brute force. They are deeply disturbed by the necessity of treating as a civilized government one which consciously glorifies brutality, and barbarically exalts the ideal of the race over the Christian ideal of universal humanity. It is not that the democracies have served that ideal well; they have served it ill, if they have served it at all. But they have at least professed it, they have never openly repudiated it; and they are vaguely but justly apprehensive of the gradual moral degradation that would ensue if their leaders, for the sake of a peace that was no peace, condoned barbarities which are openly flaunted to the world.

The moral problem with which the democracies are faced today is truly tremendous, and surely unprecedented. Whereas the line of their opponents is clear, and evil, they, as political societies, have no clear line of their own. On the level of traditional politics no such clear line can be found. Decency, within the limits of traditional political morality, not merely looks like weakness, but partly *is* weakness, because it is not inspired by a clear conception of the good.

We English have no policy in which we can, as a nation, *believe*. We can believe in neither the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, nor in the policy of his critics. Grateful as one must be to Mr. Chamberlain for his obvious honesty and his unsparing efforts at a time of crisis, one cannot but feel a grievous mediocrity in his conceptions and his whole mode of feeling. His values and his field of vision are those of the upright businessman. When he spoke of European "appeasement," he seemed at best to be thinking of something like the compromises of a finance committee of the Birmingham Corporation: a reconciliation of conflicting but legitimate commercial "interests." No public utterance of his has suggested that he has any conception (such as Mr. Baldwin had) of the true nature of the crisis in which Europe and the world are involved. In saying this, we may be doing Mr. Chamberlain a grave injustice; it may be that he is aware of the tremendous issues, but that he finds it impossible to articulate his aware-

ness. He is, he says, no orator; and he is inclined to insist upon it. It may be that he intends, by this insistence, that he has no gift of expression, to acknowledge that he finds the nature of the moral and spiritual conflict in Europe impossible to define. If that be so, Mr. Chamberlain deserves our sympathy rather than our criticism: for this conflict certainly cannot be defined in the conventional language of politics.

An attempt to define the nature of this conflict must, we think, begin by recognizing that there has arisen no issue between England and Germany on which it can fairly be said, even by those who believe in war as the final arbitrament, that we definitely *ought* to have gone to war. It cannot possibly be made a principle of a sane foreign policy that we should undertake preventive wars against nondemocratic countries, either on imperial or ideological grounds. Still less could we fight with Germany to prevent her from persecuting her Jews, as some people seemed to wish. England could not have saved republican Spain, supposing that she wanted to; neither can she save the Jews in Germany. But that is quite different from saying, or appearing to say, that Germany's brutal treatment of her Jews, or her Christians or her Socialists for that matter, is her own affair—her “national idiosyncrasy” as it has been put politely:

We believed in moral principle, even though we did not believe in setting loose international war to enforce it.

This plain, we should not have deceived ourselves, or suffered Mr. Chamberlain to deceive himself and us, concerning the nature of the “understanding” with Germany which he sought. Herr Hitler had said, quite plainly, that he did not understand what Mr. Chamberlain meant when he spoke of “understanding.” Herr Hitler, who is an expert in *mise-en-scène*, chose Munich to make this statement soon after the Munich agreement: it was certainly deliberate, and apparently sincere. He spoke of the Prime Ministers of England and France.

The word “understanding” is somewhat incomprehensible to us because we do not want anything from these men, except perhaps our colonies which were taken from us on false pretences. This is, however, not a matter to go to war about, but a question of justice. Otherwise, we want nothing from these countries except to do business with them, to buy

and sell to an equal extent. I really do not know what we should come to understanding about.

There are undoubtedly several things that Mr. Chamberlain would like an understanding about—about a limitation of armaments, for instance, or an agreement not to resort to war. But Herr Hitler, evidently, does not want anything of the kind. It is part of his policy, indeed one of his fundamental principles, that Germany should be completely free “to throw her weight about.” What his purpose is, is clear enough up to a point: he desires to establish a German hegemony in Europe. But what that hegemony really involves—whether it involves, for instance, the reduction of France and Italy and England to the condition of vassal states—probably Herr Hitler himself does not clearly know. In this regard he is the soldier of fortune and the servant of destiny, borne on by a racial mysticism. But, quite apart from his dreams and desires, it is self-evident that nothing can, and nothing ought to, prevent Germany from becoming the most powerful single nation in Europe.

If, therefore, “understanding” between England and Germany implies anything more than *ad hoc* agreement—such as the agreement at Munich, or the kind of “understanding” that prevailed between England and Russia before the war—it is surely a will-o'-the-wisp. Herr Hitler repudiates the idea as one without solid content; and one is compelled to agree with him. The blessed word “understanding” has all kinds of overtones for an English ear which it does not possess for the ear of a Nazi German. It is these overtones which are delusive. For Mr. Chamberlain, the agreement at Munich was a prelude to further “understanding”—hence his rather pathetic insistence on the “additional document”: for Herr Hitler, it was nothing of the kind—merely, an *ad hoc* agreement which spared him the trouble and danger of making war. He had gone out of his way to show how little he regarded it as a prelude to a more genuine “understanding” by his ruthless attack upon the Jews.

And, in fact, if “understanding” between England and Germany means a relation of the same kind between them as exists between England and France, or either of these countries and America, it is quite impossible. “Understanding” in the psychological or moral sense is inconceivable between a country based on the German sys-

tem and a democracy like our own. They are heterogeneous social organisms. The unity and strength of Nazi Germany is based upon the deliberate replacement of the democratic satisfaction, which is the exercise of responsible freedom, by an entirely different satisfaction, namely, the pride of being a member of a martial and conquering race. It is blindness to deny that the pride of belonging to a conquering race is a real satisfaction. We may be—though not very many of us are—deeply convinced that it ought not to be; but the fact remains that it is. It is so real a satisfaction that men are willing to make very grievous sacrifices for it. Therefore, it may perfectly well serve as the efficient motive of social coherence. True, such a motive creates a regiment rather than a society, as we understand the word; but a racial regiment is, sociologically speaking, a viable form of society. There is no sociological reason to suppose that it lacks the power to exist and endure.

These considerations are concealed from the Englishman—much more than the Frenchman, who remembers Napoleon—by the historic fact that the British achievement of empire and the British achievement of democracy were concomitant. England was fortunate in that it experienced the different satisfactions of an advance toward democracy and an advance to the position of a ruling race simultaneously. Thus an Englishman finds it hard to distinguish between these satisfactions; it strikes him as perverse and unnatural to regard them as mutually exclusive (as they are regarded in Germany) and he can hardly believe that the pride of the martial and conquering race is an effective substitute for democratic freedom as the ideal motive of social solidarity. Hence proceeds a double misunderstanding. The Englishman underestimates the solidity of Nazi Germany; and the German misunderstands the nature of the British Empire. The British Empire is not an empire at all in the Hitlerian sense, nor in any ancient sense of the word; it is largely a federation of sovereign democracies, speaking the same language, and governed on the same political system. The Hitlerian conception of empire applied to the British Empire would result in its instant dissolution. The attempt to change it into a military empire would wreck it.

But an "understanding"—as distinct from a negotiated treaty—

between a racial regiment and a democratic society is surely impossible. It is not true to say that in the quest for "understanding" between nations their forms of government are indifferent, because human beings are—just human beings. Under modern conditions of social integration this has become a good deal less than a half-truth. The human being in a racial regiment is a different kind of human being from one in a democratic society: the human essence, to use Marx's expression, is not the same in those two ensembles of social relations. The individual German who in private intercourse appears frank and *gemütlich* as ever is a strange psychological phenomenon: he takes no responsibility for the regime under which he lives, and affects to regard it as something remote from himself, although his life is being far more intimately shaped and controlled by the government than ever before. The effect of this is quite different from that of an autocratic and absolutist regime of the old style, where the government really was remote from the individual; it was certainly not controlled by him, but neither did it control him. Under a semifeudal absolutism the life-process of the individual, though it evolved within very narrow limits, was largely autonomous; under Nazi totalitarianism the autonomy is surrendered to the extreme possible degree. The difference is that National Socialism is a regime based on the conscious abandonment of responsibility by the individual. He deliberately de-individualizes himself, or suffers himself to be de-individualized. The fantastic lengths to which German propaganda can be carried without provoking any intellectual revolt is one of the grimmest phenomena of the post-war world. Herr Goebbels is a truly sinister figure in European history.

But it is wishful thinking which assures us that the average German is unhappy under the new regime. The German man has always had a respect and liking for authoritative government, and has been for the best part of a century rather contemptuous than otherwise of sovereign democracy. Much of the best democratic blood in Germany emigrated after the fiasco of 1848, and went to build up the sturdy democracy of the American Middle West. And the evidence (however unpalatable it may be to the emancipated woman of Western democracy) is that the majority of German women are happier than they were before at being relegated to

domesticity and childbearing. It is at least a possibility that the way of life encouraged, or imposed, in Nazi Germany is more in accordance with the ordinary person's sense of fitness, and more satisfying to his natural desires, than the way of life which capitalist democracy in England offers to its average citizen. Assuredly, it is self-delusion to suppose that the average German is as discontented with his lot as—let us say—the readers of *The South Atlantic Quarterly* think he ought to be. Moreover, unless democracy begins to set its own house in order and to take as much thought for the real happiness of the common man as National Socialism does, the time may quickly come when the English masses will be eager to follow the piper's tune.

Nevertheless, the underlying fact is that "understanding," of the spiritual and durable sort, is unattainable between a country which deliberately repudiates universalism and a democracy. Democracy, whose values are ultimately Christian, does aspire towards "the parliament of man and the federation of the world"; and this aspiration is not merely platonic, but inherent in the "idea" of democracy. No democracy will ever be finally secure, until the world is a federation of democracies. Nationalistic totalitarianism, on the other hand, becomes the more insecure with every nation that succumbs to it: every proselyte becomes an enemy. Therefore, the word "understanding" as used by a democratic leader is incomprehensible to the Nazi Führer; it belongs to a whole system of ideas which he repudiates—of which the chief is that the nations of the world are potential members of a world-community in somewhat the same sense as men are potential members of the Kingdom of God for the Christian. Just as it is in virtue of this potentiality that the individual person has dignity and meaning in Christian eyes, so the *raison d'être* of a nation is membership of the world-community. Except in relation to that final purpose "understanding" between nations is meaningless.

("Understanding": the actual word *Verständigung* happens to be one of the most degraded associations for the Nazi mind. "A peace of understanding"—*Verständigungsfriede*—was the slogan of the Reichstag majority in 1917. This movement represents, for Herr

Hitler, the disease of democracy; and probably the word excites in him a quite peculiar nausea.)

The universalism implicit in democracy is the ethic-political counterpart of the economic universalism which is implicit in capitalist industrial life production. As capitalism cannot continue to be competitive without destroying itself, so democracy cannot be imperialistic without destroying itself: the classical example is the fate of the Athenian Empire. But ancient democracy and modern democracy are different things, and the relevant example of the inherent contradiction between democracy and imperialism is the British "Empire," which has had to become substantially a federation of democracies. In no other form could it be developed, as the American Revolution showed. So that the last major imperial problem that besets us is the democratization of India. On the other hand, the only kind of empire of which Nazi Germany is capable is an empire of subjugation, not of colonization. But—psychologically—the very cult of racial mysticism by which Germany has made itself powerful would probably be a fatal impediment (even if no others existed) to its achieving an empire of subjugation. For even a fanatical Nazi is bound to feel that other races exist in their own right, and are in the last resort unannihilable. Viable empire depends upon precisely that capacity for assimilation—cultural and racial—which German racialism repudiates. The consciously exclusive racial unity is sterile as an imperial race. Its potency is not constructive, but destructive. Therefore, either Germany will fail completely to create an empire, or in the measure to which it succeeds, it will be compelled to abandon its exclusiveness.

The mistake of the democracies is to be afraid of Germany. Granted that Germany's technical powers of destruction are now tremendous, her power of spiritual attraction is very small. Even if she were to be victorious in a large-scale international war, she would be still less able to consolidate her victory than were the allied democracies after the war of 1914-1918. Practically, by far the best thing England and France could do would be to reduce their armaments to the level required for police duties only, and to summon up sufficient faith in their political systems and their cultures to suffer Germany to do her worst. The worst that Germany could do would

be little in comparison with the incalculable harm the democracies are inflicting upon themselves by the diversion of the greater part of their productive powers into instruments of destruction. If they could but find in themselves sufficient courage to devote one half of those squandered powers of production to the realization of some substantial social justice—to what we have called the filling of the democratic form with a democratic content—they would do more in a year to paralyze the German menace than they could in twenty spent in piling up armaments, or five putting them to use.

What we need is a positive and religious faith in democracy, not as a mere mechanism of government (for as a mechanism of government it is certainly not more, but rather less, efficient than its totalitarian rivals), but as the political expression of the enduring principle that the true end of man is responsible freedom. Positive faith in democracy consists in the power to recognize that this is the vital principle of democracy, and to distinguish it clearly amid the inertias under which it is obscured and smothered in actual democracy, wherein only a small minority behave with the conscious responsibility of freedom. In the degree to which democracy becomes aware of its own essence, it will see its goal—"like a tall sea-mark standing every flaw"—amid the confusions of policy which now threaten it. Historically, we need to understand that democracy is only at the beginning of its evolution, not at the end of it. It is still in the stage of political experiment, a recent emergence in the bio-political evolutionary process. Counting from universal and really popular suffrage, modern democracy is barely fifty years old, a mere sapling. And at the present moment it is in a situation of extraordinary danger. Largely owing to the fearful failure of democracy in 1918 to be conscious of its own responsibility and loyal to its own inherent universalism, a powerful antidemocratic movement has sprung into existence, deliberately repudiating the principle on which democracy is based and, owing to that repudiation, strong in destructive potentiality. The threat to democracy is the more insidious, because democracy seems to be compelled, in its own defence, to follow the antidemocratic countries in the organization of totalitarian destruction. The initiative seems to have passed to the antidemocracies.

This is a fatal condition for the democracies. At all costs they

must seize the moral initiative again. If they fail to regain it, they will be dragged passive and uncomprehending behind the chariot-wheels of a death process. Mr. Chamberlain's action at Munich is perhaps to be interpreted as an instinctive attempt to regain the moral initiative for democracy. But the attempt was instinctive merely; it was not strengthened and purified by the imaginative reason. Hence the effect has been disastrously weakened not only by the campaign for intensive and indiscriminate rearmament, with its devastating implication that we sought peace only because we were unprepared for war, but by a striking failure to make an articulate appeal to the moral imagination of the world.

The optimum of moral initiative on behalf of democracy consisted in a complete withdrawal from the armaments race, proceeding from the simultaneous realization, first, that the vital principle of democracy—the effort to implement in political institution the Christian reverence for the individual person—is directly negated by participation in totalitarian war, and second, that the strength of the anti-democracies derives from the fear which has been exploited to induce their citizens to surrender their responsible freedom. But it must be acknowledged that the democracies are not prepared for this optimum of moral initiative, and that nothing less than a mighty rebirth of Christianity could prepare them for it: a renewal, in millions of individual lives, of the actual experience that “perfect love casts out fear.” We must not put this aside as a dream. It is to be labored for, every day, by those who believe that it is true. But we have also to acknowledge that it is not practical politics in 1939. We are not ready to take the optimum moral initiative.

But if only we could admit to our souls that that *is* the optimum moral initiative, we should at least have a clue to the kind and quality of the moral initiative we must take, in the realm of practical politics. It must be a genuine moral initiative directed manifestly towards the good, and it must involve a sacrifice. No initiative for good can be taken without sacrifice. And the democracies need to make it clear that they are prepared to make some real sacrifice for the good. We need a policy which indicates plainly to ourselves and to the world that we know where we wish to go, and that we are trying to go there. Two such opportunities of a practical moral initiative are out-

standing. The first is that we should pledge ourselves by a solemn declaration that, under no circumstances, however desperate, will we resort to the use of the bombing aeroplane upon the territories of another nation, because we believe that the indiscriminate slaughter it necessitates is intolerable to the civilized conscience. We may be bombed, but we will not bomb. The second is to recognize that the democracies have a responsibility for the refugees from totalitarian persecution, and to declare that we are prepared to take our just share, proportionate to our resources, in the sacrifice involved in securing to them an opportunity to live; that we expect that the other democracies will, in concert with us, accept their share of the responsibility. But we do not propose to make our action conditional upon theirs. If they will not join us in apportioning the refugees, we will fix our fair share ourselves and go ahead.

Such a resumption of the moral initiative which, in times past, it possessed by the mere fact of being a democracy, is necessary to democracy today. Until twenty years ago the position has been unchallenged for a century that democracy was the highest form of political society. It was the failure of the fact to fulfill the form—ignobly manifest at Versailles—that led to the overthrow of nascent democracy in Germany and Italy; thenceforward, democracy has been under the necessity, which it has not recognized, of deliberately taking the moral initiative which was no longer inherent in it. The claim of democracy to be the final form of society is no longer tacitly admitted, but categorically denied. In this situation, it is imperative that democracy shall take the moral initiative; but it is futile to imagine that the moral initiative consists in seeking “understanding” with the antidemocracies. If “understanding” means something more than hard diplomatic bargains which have always been necessary in foreign relations, it is unattainable. And if that is all it means, it is not a moral initiative. Equally futile is it to imagine that the moral initiative consists in attempting to make war upon the antidemocracies. Democracy, like communism, is false to its own nature if it contemplates an ideological war.

Perhaps the best that can be done on the strictly political level is to press for a clear and authoritative declaration from the governments of England and France of the terms on which they believe a stable European peace can be based. But it has always to be remem-

bered that even so obviously equitable a measure as a fair apportionment of the world's raw materials requires to be accompanied by a tremendous measure of all-round disarmament: without that, the last state of Europe would be worse than the first. And the condition of any effective disarmament is a real international control. At the political level it boils down to this in the end: if the nations cannot contrive the beginnings of a united states of Europe, there is nothing but a shambles to look forward to.

Mr. Chamberlain appeared to think that every separate peace agreement increased the total quantity of peace in Europe, every separate "understanding" the total amount of "understanding." It is difficult to believe the Prime Minister of Great Britain possessed of such a delusion; but that is certainly the impression produced by much of his language and many of his acts. Peace is, at any rate, about the last thing in the world to be measured quantitatively; "that piece-meal peace is poor peace," as Father Hopkins wrote. For peace is a spirit, it is universal in intention, and depends on at least a partial community of idea and ideal. Peace of this kind, positive and inclusive, has to be created in the world today, when it is openly repudiated even as an ideal; and it can be created only by preparedness for sacrifice—of self, not of others.

But we insist again, the beginning of our salvation is to recognize in a spirit of religious repentance, that we English are supremely responsible for the condition of Europe today. The responsibility for the starvation of Germany after the signing of the armistice rests primarily upon us; upon us primarily rests the responsibility for the peace treaty, with its iniquitous and unprecedented clause compelling Germany to acknowledge that she bore the guilt of the war, whereas the guilt of it fell at least as heavily upon Russia as upon Germany. Nor can we unload our responsibility upon the shoulders of France; for even if it were true (which is doubtful) that France was more vindictive than we were, we had the power to constrain France to accept our view. We appear to have had no difficulty in so constraining her in the case of Spain. It is primarily our injustice, our betrayal of the principles of morality and humanity which we professed to hold sacred, that has conjured up the spirit of cynical savagery with which we shall, in vain, seek an "understanding" today. And I believe that until an English Prime Minister has the moral

courage to proclaim that Germany was no more morally guilty than we were ourselves for the war of 1914-1918, and that therefore the punitive peace which followed it had no moral sanction at all, but was simply might masquerading as right, and that it must be replaced by peace which has moral sanction, there will be no possibility of our touching that level in the German psyche wherein alone a durable "understanding" can take root.

The notion that national repentance is the clue to the right policy of British democracy will, I fear, seem to many far-fetched and unrealistic. National repentance is not a condition recognized by modern politics or sociology. Their tacit assumption is that societies make mistakes, but they do not commit sins. They are unintelligent, but they are never wicked. True, this all-pervasive rationalism is beginning to wear thin in spots; and it is already difficult for the most emancipated progressive (unless he is a member of the British Cabinet) to confine himself to saying that the Nazi treatment of the Jews is merely stupid. Besides, perhaps it is not stupid at all, any more than the extermination of the "Trotskyists" in Russia. What is more certain about these activities is that they are sins—crimes against God. And possibly under the compulsion of descriptive accuracy, Christian categories will return to common usage.

Democracy stands or falls, before the critical imagination, by the strength of our conviction of the necessity of freedom, and that depends upon the truth of our *conception* of the freedom that is necessary. Democracy marks the permeation of the social order by the principle that we are members one of another. It is based upon an act of faith, namely, the faith that we realize our true freedom only in willing to behave as members of one another. That faith is, for the few, partly corroborated by experience; it is, in fact, impossible for these to feel free save in so far as their capacities are used for the service of their fellow-men, and the only demand they would make upon society is that it should protect and secure them in this effort. But even the most highly developed citizen of democracy labors under the immense limitation imposed by the inertia of society. That inertia, which is indeed colossal, derives from the fact that for the majority of its citizens society is only a means of self-aggrandizement. It is themselves that they wish to enlarge, and their conception of freedom is the degraded one of freedom to assert themselves, to

have what they want and to do as they will. And democracy is valuable to them because it gives them more of this freedom than any other ordering of society.

This freedom is pernicious, alike to man and to society. If this conception of freedom permanently gains the upper hand (as it seems to have done in actual democracy), then it must inevitably destroy itself, because society will react convulsively against the moral and material anarchy which such freedom cannot fail to create. At the present moment, in the remaining actual democracies, the moral anarchy is more in evidence than the material anarchy; but that is mainly because they have been spared the severer forms of strain, from which they have been protected (as though by a padding of fat or cotton-wool) by the accumulated wealth which accrued to them during the period when they alone enjoyed the increase of energy which derived from their freedom. It is the old-established democracies which have survived; but the significance of the fact is ambiguous. There cannot be many thoughtful men who believe that they survive today because of their moral strength. The moral strength may still be there, latent in them: but if it is not there, they are surely doomed. The first necessary step towards discovering their strength and collecting it, if it exists, is a conscious struggle against their moral anarchy. Such a struggle involves the passing from the habit of irresponsible freedom to the clear imagination of responsible freedom.

An old-established democracy is a nursery-bed of hypocrisies. We have to be on our guard against the predominance of a temper which, under the pretence of manifesting responsible freedom, achieves a more subtle combination of self-interest and noble profession than before. A simple example will suffice. Every year, and every day of the year, the state becomes stronger in a modern society; and the numbers increase of those who enter into the service of the state. They are removed from the insecurity which is typical of social existence today, and at the same time they are powerfully tempted to the illusion that they more than others are servants of society: unconsciously, unwittingly, they become exponents of the comfortable faith of salvation without sacrifice. Such an ethos in the present situation can have but one final outcome—a servile society—unless it is consciously combatted by an incessant self-criticism in the light of Christian values. A society is Satanic when it is permeated by the pursuit

of power for its own sake; a society is struggling to be Christian when power (whether that of the community or its members) is regarded as purely instrumental towards promoting the responsible freedom of men.

Those are the two alternatives towards one or the other of which a democratic society must be moving today; every person who does not employ his margin of responsible freedom in struggling to make the latter conception prevail is contributing to the victory of the former. This is a crisis in the affairs of men when to say that we are threatened with a complete and final breach with the tradition of Christian civilization is inadequate; it is much nearer the truth to say that the breach has actually occurred. The crash of the thin fabric of international morality into pure cynicism in the last twenty years has been, in the literal sense of the word, prodigious.

Yet I believe in democracy; I believe that it is the noblest form of society. But I also believe that we have scarcely even begun to realize what arduous demands a living democracy makes upon its members. Whether our British democracy has in it the capacity and will to be a living democracy, and not a dying one as it is today, I cannot tell. But I am sure that a great number of those who now profess to "believe in democracy" will be appalled if ever they realize the price they are required to pay for being members of a genuinely democratic society. I fear that, when the trial comes, as come it surely will, this great army of nominal democrats will turn upon democracy just as they will turn upon Christianity. So long as democracy and Christianity are compatible with the pursuit of their own private interests, so long will they profess to be Christians and democrats. But when the moment for sacrifice arrives, they will desert in a body to the pagan and authoritarian enemy.

We have to sacrifice our idea of the individual to gain the reality of the person. This may sound recondite, but it means simply that in the world of today we cannot repent as individuals, unless we repent as a nation. And that again, though it too may sound recondite and impossible, is simple. There are things we can do, and which we ought to do, as a nation, or the opportunity will be lost forever. Let us do them without delay. Let us set our feet, as nations, in the road of life, and take them out of the road of death.

TURKEY OFFERS HER OWN ISM

WILLIAM GILMAN

CAN A STATE, any more than an individual, be wholly good or bad? Must we choose between isms? And is it inevitable that there be a war to the death between the so-called democracies and the fascisms? Questions like these, brought into startling focus by events abroad and reactions at home, were very much in the American mind when our ship, which had been prowling through the Dardanelles during the night, came simultaneously to dawn and the fairyland minarets of Istanbul.

When I left Turkey a month later, I was laden like a packhorse with that new bane of the traveler's life, propaganda. Life was no solved mystery. But I had seen the workings of an amazing experiment, the rebirth of a land that had touched the depths of debaucheries: social, political, and economic.

Shall Turkey's system be our model then? Of course not. The situations are too different. But in the modern Turkish saga can be a parable. Here is an example of an approach, of a nation that went shopping for the best the world had to offer, choosing something here and something else there. In Turkey is authoritarian government without goosestepping or purging; state socialism born without class or party struggle; co-operation with all nations but studied aloofness too. Even though Turkey, straddling the Dardanelles and vulnerable to air-bomber visits from all sides, could easily dismiss neutrality as a physical impossibility; even though Italy's annexation of Albania caused her to reply to the threat against her Eastern Mediterranean security by veering into Britain's antiaggression bloc, she continues to hope desperately that war will detour around her. It is significant that on the same day that her Kamutay (parliament) approved the preliminary agreement with Britain, it also ratified a \$50,000,000 credit from Germany.

Turks fear war because of one unusual reason. They look upon their nation as a new plant requiring about ten more years of careful nursing before it can stand abnormal hardship. Their dread is the

more sanguine because of the progress that has been made. For here is a nation, which had debauched Balkans on one side and mandate-enslaved Asiatics on the other, but which nevertheless started from scratch sixteen years ago and lifted itself by its own bootstrap. Credit the climate, or Kemal Ataturk, or divine beneficence—but Turkey's seventeen millions stand erect where their neighbors lick the boots of domestic political gangsters or of foreign oilmen.

Consider this paradox too. Turks say that the final crash of the Ottoman Empire was a blessing. Therein they lost vast lands—a loss which puts Germany's complaints to shame. But Turkey thereby became a nation and is content. The crackup of the Sultan's empire and the resulting attempts by Britain, France, and Italy to partition the fragment that remained Turkish after the World War were the signals that sent Paul Reveres riding and led four years later to the establishment of a republic with Mustapha Kemal as its George Washington.

There was heroism in this fight by a general branded a traitor by his sultan and a bandit by the Allies. A statue in Ankara glorifies the Turkish women who carried munitions on their backs to the patriots. On the other hand, there was stern and oft barbaric fighting against the Armenians, Greeks, and Kurds before Turkey was safely unified.

The following justification by a Turk official of the Smyrna episode applies to all three minorities and shows that Turkey has borrowed, among others, from Marxism: "The Greeks? They had no legitimate business on the Turkish mainland. They were just the gendarmes of European imperialism."

But it was sweeping modernization more than Marxism (the socialism came later) that Kemal imposed upon the country in the decade after 1923 as he rubbed out centuries of Ottoman tradition with reckless decrees: separation of religion and state; adoption of Western-style clothing and banning of the fez on pain of death; outlawing the harem and emancipating women; substitution of European law for the Moslem; substitution of the Latin alphabet for the ponderous Arabic script and of the Western calendar for the Moslem; substitution of Sunday for Friday, the Moslem sabbath; trans-

lation of the Arabic Koran into Turkish; rewriting of Turkish history by Turks.

It was a renaissance which freed Turkey of the trappings with which such ex-vassals as Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and the Balkans had depraved her. As home of the sultans, she had gained little from empire other than the mosques of Constantinople and a complete prostration before European bankers.

Needless to say, valuable letters often go into the fire along with trash during a hurried housecleaning. Turkish music may have been an Ottoman opium of the people, but part of it could very easily have been retained to enrich the new culture. Instead, the Turks exhibit an inordinate pride in their ballroom and jazz dancing, and force themselves to forget how to dance their stirring *zabac*. There is an adolescent weakness in their constant striving to out-Western the Westerners. Some of the ultra-modern buildings of Ankara have more design than practicality. The visitor becomes bored with the never ending tours of modern schools to which he is subjected and eventually murmurs, "So what?"

Hints of this social reforming in Turkey have reached the outside world. But little is known of that which is far more unique—and immensely educational—her brand-new political and economic structures. The two are tightly interwoven in a state socialism which has no counterpart.

Turks are content to call it Kemalism. It is a powerful ideology, so strong that it has survived the death of him who was Mustapha Kemal and later became Ataturk—thereby giving one answer to the interesting modern question, "After the strong man dies—what?" Upon his deathbed, the scarred battler ordered that the Presidency go to ever loyal Ismet Inonu—and it did. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Ismet is another browbeating Ataturk. He is merely the voice of Kemalism. Ataturk guessed rightly that his dying command would be obeyed, for he died a month after Munich; his lieutenants did not dare brawl for power in face of the outside threat.

It may well be that Turkey will make decisions that Ataturk would not have approved. She may even come to disaster as the result of the three-way duel for her allegiance being waged by Brit-

ain, Germany, and Russia. Such things are in the laps of the gods. The significant point is that Ataturk's death did not automatically bring the death of his creature, Kemalism.

As an ideology it is not difficult to understand, once one realizes that it is a blend. Other, "more civilized" nations have modernized in piecemeal fashion. Turkey made a clean break with the past. Other nations have been plagued with the problems of what to do with existing streetcar lines before they could put streamlined bus service on their streets. Turkey could jump directly from donkey carts to busses. Her acquisitions—material and ideological—have been picked up from many nations, and they represent the best Turkey could find. All this indicates a Western orientization on her part, although your Turkish intellectual will quibble to a certain extent.

Turkey is what she is today because of definite psychological complexes. Everything in her new structure is frankly an expression of hatred of what went on before, just as the son of a drunkard father is often a fanatic teetotaler. Thus, even though Turkey inevitably bases her new civilization in *Western* roots, she refuses to admit it, preferring to claim that she is borrowing from the *Twentieth Century*. This suits the Turk better than admitting he is frequenting the Western pawnshop patronized by the sultans.

It must be admitted that Turkey is no mere imitating ape in fundamentals—and therein lies the significance of her new system. An intelligent Turkish official explained his Kemalist creed this way:

We want neither capitalism, fascism nor what was called socialism. All enslave the free development of a people. All are Frankenstein monsters of power. The first is the power of technique; the second, the power of self-perpetuating power; the third, the power of organization. All are doctrinaire and based upon exterminating the other two. Our doctrine is an adaptable thing. It must change with circumstances, or we perish.

What about democracy? He dismissed it quickly as another phase of capitalism. Rather than buy a ready-made machine, Turkey went shopping for parts and the result is what she calls Kemalism, which is built on six basic principles.

In Turkey's Constitution, these are described as follows: (1) sovereignty belongs to the people whose spokesmen is the Kamutay;

(2) class distinctions are abolished and equal rights for men and women recognized; (3) the State should own all public utilities and industries that directly concern national defense, and should control industry with the right to purchase any enterprise when deemed desirable; (4) religion is a private concern and the State should not interfere, save where necessary to insure that religious prejudice is not made a weapon for reactionary propaganda endangering the Republic's safety; (5) individual freedom and private ownership are guaranteed provided they do not conflict with the public interest; (6) all of the country's resources, human and material, should be used for its defense. Or, to put it more laconically, *Kemalism* is *etatism*, *nationalism*, *populism*, *republicanism*, *revolution*, and *tolerance*. I place the six in this order as an aid to explaining how they jibe with each other—the order of relative importance if you will.

The American system is based upon the traditional principles that the state has only such powers as are delegated to it by the people. In Turkey it is frankly the reverse, and thus she reveals her authoritarian borrowings.

Turks, however, consider comparison with Germany, Italy, and Russia not only odious but glib. This resentment is justified. The Turkish state is really all-powerful; its state socialism is more purely so than anywhere but Russia. But the Turkish system is not based upon a dictatorship of the proletariat, as the Russian claims to be. There was no proletariat in Turkey because there was no industry. There were no labor unions and are none. *Kemalism* came into being, neither to quell class warfare nor as the result of victory by one class, but rather as one man's idea how to modernize his nation in a hurry lest it perish.

It was not a question of confiscating industry or regimenting industry. The master to be fought was foreign capital. The sultans had allowed foreign interests to develop Turkey's few mines, build her few railroads, own her wharves. Through a series of so-called "Capitulations," the sultans allowed European textile manufacturers to drive Turkish craftsmen out of business, and Turkey degenerated into a nation of farmers who could not set their prices. The sultans plunged ever more deeply into debt. One third of the 1914 budget, for instance, went to pay foreign debt annuities.

Against all this, the new Turkey set her face. She refused to accept the usual deal given the farmer who cannot protect himself. From 1923 to 1933 there was a period of liberal development. The government tried many schemes fostering private enterprise. But the results were puny. Foreign capital mistrusted this new Turkey; domestic money would not come out of hiding.

As a result, the first five-year-plan came into existence in 1934. It had Russian roots. Mustapha Kemal had stamped out communism in his bailiwick. But both nations were realistic, and had not allowed Turkey's internal anti-Red forays to interfere with a policy of co-operation, based upon mutual interests. The plan was born after a visit to Russia by a group of Turkish leaders headed by Premier Ismet Inonu, now President. Russia also provided machinery and lent technicians.

The Turkish State, singlehanded, took over the task of creating the key industries which private capital and initiative had spurned. This procedure explains partly the Turkish attitude toward private industry. It is not forbidden; it has merely been left behind. A hard pace completed most of the five-year-plan far ahead of schedule. Turkey built textile plants at Kayseri, Brusa, Eregli, Nazilli, Bakirkoy, and Guemlik with which to clothe herself. She began supplying her own coke, sugar, paper. A great government steel plant went up at Karabuk, designed to meet more than domestic needs.

That plan involved expenditure of fifty million Turkish pounds. The second five-year-plan calls for spending nearly twice that sum. It aims at electrifying the nation, developing the mining industry, modernizing agriculture (irrigation, production of artificial fertilizers, etc.), building synthetic gasoline plants which will use native coal for raw material, constructing a big coal shipping port on the Black Sea, and other devices intended to strengthen the nation's economic independence.

Meanwhile, private utilities have practically vanished. They were bought out. Turkish shipping, air services, and railroads are now nationalized. Turks have gone ahead to add more than three thousand kilometers of new railroad tracks to the four thousand kilometers they bought.

In the face of all this, how is Turkey able to build herself a

dazzling new capital at Ankara, support an expensive education program, pay off the nine hundred million gold franc debt of the sultans, keep pace with her neighbors in rearmament, meet the ordinary expenses of government—and still remain solvent? The answer is contained in the self-same etatism which calls for these expenditures. Turkey has forced a funding of the old debt. The industrial enterprises are built according to accepted business practice—an outright mortgage was given the Russians who built the first textile plants, and a mortgage in the guise of trade credits enabled British industry to build the steel plant. Actual cash is supplied, not by borrowing abroad, but by the state banks—a majority of which, too, are nationalized. One of these, for instance, the Sumer Bank, handled the cash used in the first five-year-plan. As for the cash itself, it comes from a drastically taxed populace. Hence, Turkey is able to boast that she does not borrow abroad as the sultans did, pays her own way and balances her budgets, which run about two hundred million dollars a year.

There is a heavy property tax, an income tax ranging up to 30 per cent, a "crisis" tax for special expenditures, a "balance the budget" tax when the ledger begins looking sickly, an aviation tax. Then there are terrific indirect taxes. The national customs alone supplies a quarter of the national income. An equivalent sum comes from the government monopolies in tobacco, explosives, salt, and liquors. The National Aviation League alone has the right to run lotteries, and works its monopoly to the limit of the Turk's purse. All in all, it has been estimated that 70 per cent of the national income goes back to the government.

Between this domestic regimentation and briskly bargained trade agreements with foreign nations, Turkey heads toward her goal—independence. She is still largely an agricultural nation, and the farmer bears a heavy load. He must not only feed and clothe the nation but produce a surplus which can be converted into valuable foreign exchange. Foreign experts, like the American cotton-growing technician, Sidney Clark, have been brought in to stimulate production. Once Turkey was a heavy importer of wheat; now she exports this grain, along with her other important foreign exchange providers, tobacco, chrome ore, figs, wool.

Time alone will tell how sincere is this assertion, or how feasible, but Turkey claims she learned a lesson by observing the other nations, and that she will never base her economy upon exports, or fight in any way for world markets.

In this regard, Turkey is admittedly more fortunate than such authoritarian states as Germany, Italy, and Japan, the "have-not" strivers for self-sufficiency. For within her borders she has most necessary raw materials, with the exception only of the very necessary petroleum, an ironic lack in view of her proximity to the great oil fields of Iraq, Rumania, and the Caucasus. With the aid of American experts, Turkey is making every effort to find herself oil—and if she does, it will very definitely be government property.

Meanwhile, the regime welcomes private competition, knowing it has nothing to fear. "Let private manufacturers make dress shirts if they wish," a five-year-plan official told me. "We are content to make ordinary shirts for the 98 per cent of our people who are too busy to go to balls." In addition to this setting the pace by producing the bulk of manufactured goods themselves, the government industries are also providers of a good yardstick, both as to wages and to prices.

Whatever ism this program may be called, it is definitely unique. In this connection, it may be recalled that President Roosevelt, after seeing a movie depicting Turkey's progress, sent a personal cable of congratulation to Ataturk. Neither Stalin, Hitler, or Mussolini can show a similar message.

Nationalistically, Turkey is firmly for peace—a rarity in that part of the world. This is more than just good fellowship. The Turks say they have neither men nor money for international adventures. Many of them, from Istanbul to the Syrian border, told me the same thing: "Of course, we must be prepared for war in these mad times, but it would be tragedy for us. Our modernization program is still too young. We must have at least ten more years before the New Turkey is secure."

To be sure, she has fished cautiously in troubled waters upon occasion, as in her demands for control of the Sanjak of Alexandretta, her "Gateway to the Arab World." France and England, courting Turkey, have seemingly acquiesced. They have shown themselves

to be satisfied with Turkey's explanation that she wishes to keep out possible invaders coming through this gate—and not go invading herself.

Strong man Ataturk did not go about rumbling for war. He laid down the policy of friendship to all, with two qualifications: suspicion of Italy's ambitions, and caution against rescuing any Soviet chestnuts.

Not until actual war will it be safe to predict the outcome of the present duel for Turkey's friendship. Suffice to say that Russia was pleased with Ismet's election and Germany chagrined at Turkey's consenting to join Britain's antiaggression bloc. Britain's courtship is a feverish one. She does not want to repeat her World War mistake. At that time she had been so confident that Turkey's friendship, dating from Crimean War days, would continue that she did not realize the extent of German penetration until it was too late.

Turkey's political "entanglements" are so numerous they read like the activities of a professional lodge joiner, and are all aimed at protecting her boundaries. They are also intended to involve her, as little as possible, in outside quarrels. Adhering to the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the League of Nations, she was nevertheless quick to recognize the new regimes in Spain and Ethiopia. There is her nonaggression pact with her Balkan neighbors, implemented by an alliance with Greece; and her similar pact with Near East neighbors, bolstered by a special one with England, guaranteeing Iraq's rights. More important, of course, are her nonaggression pact with her gigantic Eastern neighbor, the U. S. S. R. (together with the Lausanne agreement by which the Russian navy is allowed free passage through the fortified Dardanelles), and her anti-axis move when she accepted England's offer to protect her against aggression. But this latter action was not so much against the axis as such, as against the Rome end of it.

And Russia learned in 1937 how untrustworthy the cautious Turks could be. At that time Ataturk staved off serious complications with Italy by ordering his prime minister, Ismet Inonu, to resign. Italy had heard that Ismet favored Soviet suggestions that Turkey protect munitions ships en route to Spain. Ataturk saw no reason why Turkey should challenge Italy when mighty Britain was fearful of doing so.

Turkey has also tried to stand for neutrality in commercial relations. Like her Balkan neighbors, she allowed her commerce to be dominated by the Nazis, who now account for half of Turkey's foreign trade. But she is striving to elude Germany's grip. Britain extended Turkey a \$75,000,000 credit in 1938. When Germany countered by offering a credit of \$120,000,000, Turkey politely trimmed it down and "settled" for \$60,000,000.

As a result of this neutrality she has converted her tobacco and chrome ore into Russian-built textile mills, an English-built steel mill; a German naval base; and so forth. Although her military forces are largely German-trained, Turkey shopped around for the best bombers she could buy. The result is that American planes go to Turkey in exchange for Turkish tobacco; thereby aiding the United States to remain in second place in Turkey's foreign trade picture. Nor have Ankara's fears of Rome's ambitions in the Aegean region interfered with a boom in Italo-Turkish commerce.

That Turkey can keep her eyes so fixedly on an economic goal is the more astonishing in view of the fact that both Ataturk and Ismet are symbolic of the men who built Turkey—army generals who took off their uniforms and took up the spade. The Turks see nothing surprising in this. They point to George Washington, who was a general, and the Hitler-Mussolini-Stalin trio, who were not. The basic explanation is that Ataturk furnished the ideology and the savage energy which made it succeed; but also had intelligence enough to surround himself with hard-working, loyal key men.

Mustapha Kemal was a military genius; Ismet Inonu was not. But the latter was invaluable in reconstruction days, the more so because of Kemal's frequent excursions into debauchery. Of Ismet he said, "He is my conscience. He is always on the alert to find out what is wrong, and to criticize me."

In its populism pillar the fundamental nature of Kemalist ideology reveals itself. There need be no illusion that Turkey has democracy. Its people are bossed "for their own good." The governing men come from the best families. There is but one party. All this, to be sure, is reminiscent of the infant United States whose midwives did not make provision for political parties when they wrote the Constitution, but did show a mistrust of popular democracy by having the

people elect an electoral college and not a president. Incidentally, Ataturk tried the experiment of having an opposition party in his parliament but speedily banished it when it took its duties too seriously.

The important political aspect of Kemalism is that Ataturk came first, and he then created a party as a matter of convenience—for governing. Here was no uprising of the proletariat, nor any gangster party quelling all others. Here, therefore, lies Turkey's strongest argument that she is no dictatorship. And herein lies Kemalism's security. There has been repression in the past—of Kurdish nationalists, of Red agitators from Russia, or pro-Islamites. But, in general, the people accepted Kemalism because there was nothing else.

There is an opposition, but it is the wavering, inarticulate voice of the older generation. Many women in the hinterland still muffle their faces and many old men still keep the fez hidden away. But these remnants of a forsaken generation have nobody to rally them. And they are puny compared to their sons and daughters, who are wholeheartedly for the regime that has given them dignity and modern things.

To her schools, more than anything else, Turkey has entrusted the job of remaking her people. There is free public instruction through college. Equally free is instruction in aviation and the entire gamut of vocational studies. Turkish youth cannot help being grateful to such a regime. It is on the receiving end—without the worry yet of paying taxes.

One type of eventual repayment is in kind. Those students who receive free board and lodging must in turn become teachers and work out their debt. But it all leads to a career, and the youngsters do not rebel. Thus Ataturk's state uses human as well as other native resources.

The education program is showing results. But the initial task was so great that almost two thirds of the children still are without elementary schooling. The compulsory education law is there, but not enough schools to meet the need.

This ordinary education is supplemented by so-called People's Houses which the Kemalist party has built in every locality. These are centers of library, social, and political teaching. Somehow, the

most delightful phase of all this is that there is no special brand of Fascist salute, no strutting uniforms. Ataturk was an army man, but his photographs ordinarily showed him in evening dress, immaculate, handsome in a Mephistophelian way.

While he lived, he was an idol already, and only foreigners interested themselves in the fact that the Gazi was also a two-bottle man when liquor was involved. Of course, there were many outward signs of the dictator. Ataturk's bust or photograph was in every shop and almost every home. His statues were always overhead. Like the Russians with their Lenin and unlike Americans with their Washington, the Turks did not wait for Ataturk's death for the enshrinement. And the Gazi naturally used all this to best advantage. But if he constantly boasted to his people of his great victories against the Greeks, is this so different from President Roosevelt's constant reminders of the plight in which he found the United States on March 4, 1933? In other words, the leader is rare who will not "point with pride."

Nominally, Ataturk was president for four-year terms, elected by the Kamutay from its membership, the parliament in turn being elected by the people. In fact, he was much more. He was the boss of the new Turkey. His prescriptions, good or bad, were taken with grace. Turks cannot understand how an American president can be vilified. He is to be respected, they say, if not obeyed.

All this could add up to Prussianism, let alone dictatorship. It does not, perhaps because the Turks are what they are—a simple, friendly, humorous folk, very French. And if their machinery came from Germany, it was from France they received their European literature and culture. Politically, the Turk may be "istic"; organically, he has the makings of a fine democrat. And of all foreign peoples, Turks hold the American in most esteem. It is the old story; he has done them least harm.

Nowhere else in the old world have I met such artless friendship. In Mersin, for instance, the governor telephoned our hotel at 1 A.M., apologized that he had just learned of our presence in the city, and insisted that we put on some clothes—the fact that our evening dress was in Ankara made no difference—and come to the ball being given by the Society of the Red Crescent.

Two more objectives of Kemalism are that it be republican and revolutionary—but not necessarily democratic. Kemal threw out the sultan and became exactly what his title, Atatürk, signified, “Chief Turk.” He was re-elected every four years as a matter of habit by the one-party Kamutay—a body of 399 members, including 17 women, in 1938. The members of his cabinet were not so much puppets as able assistants.

In this republic, the individual can be powerful only if he is in the government. The farmer is told what kind of cotton seed he may plant; the businessmen are regimented; the technicians work for the government. Atatürk recognized the greatest potential evil of such a system, bureaucracy. In 1937 he declared that the time had come for the republic to draw upon its revolutionary right and change its course—to free the small man from the ever growing curse of bureaucracy. Many reforms were immediately instituted.

As a result, a trend toward complete collectivization was halted. Atatürk spoke to his Kamutay as a father would to sons, when he ordered the change, declaring it was time that emphasis on the state be shared with that on the individual. He singled out the farmer in particular as worthy of more individual responsibility.

“We must not allow any land worker to be without his own land,” he said, explaining his order for a liquidation of the big land-owner estates. “The most modest agricultural family ought to have at least two beasts at its command, and in a choice between these two, where necessary, preference should go to the horse rather than the ox. . . .”

He asserted that Turkey, twice as large as the British Isles, should not be ruled by a standardized type of government employee. Instead, he called for individual treatment of the needs of individual areas: irrigation for cotton here, a new type of sheep to be introduced there.

And what about tolerance? The Turk offers no apology for the rigor with which he threw out Islamism, Greeks, court debauchery, a decadent Arabic language. After the purging, the new Turkey was then able to allow foreigners to enter under her terms. Foreign capital is welcomed, for instance, but it must become Turkish. Foreign experts have been welcomed and indeed have done much to

rush through the modernization. Again the shopping simile is in order. Atatürk imported Nazi German army men to Westernize his military forces. But he also welcomed intellectual refugees from Nazi Germany. The University of Istanbul's faculty is full of them.

The fact remains that the regime showed no tolerance of anything antagonistic to its program. Reds were exterminated, Kurds were massacred, Armenians were sent upon a long trek to die. The Greeks were driven into the sea in order that Turkey might force through a bargain whereby each nation repatriated its nationals from the other.

And yet, if such drastic methods cannot be condoned, and if the Turk's shrugging "*C'est la guerre*" cannot be accepted, the fact is that those hard days are finished. They did not perpetuate themselves in new purges, new state trials by a regime fearful of its hold upon its own people. Moreover, even if the persecution were continuing, this could be excused more easily in Turkey, just awakened from a medieval dream, than in Germany or Italy, which had their renaissance long ago.

Just as there is no goosestepping at home, there are few nationalistic demonstrations for foreign consumption. Turks use much propaganda domestically, but none abroad. They are content to cultivate their own garden. If others in the Near East like the Turkish method and wish to follow suit, well and good. If a great Chinese warlord tells his people that they should unite as did the Turks under Kemal, that is also good.

An official told me with understandable pride of a six weeks' visit he had just made in Egypt. "I accomplished more through friendly conversation," he gloated, "than Italy has done there by spending a half million dollars in propaganda."

Turkey cannot and does not boast, as do the democracies, of having the freedom of the press. It is kept well muzzled and well fed with propaganda. Its actual position was summed up very well by an ironic journalist in Ankara.

"In America," he said, "you are permitted to leave this hotel room—and the hotel, too, if you wish. In Turkey, you may leave this room—but not the hotel. In Germany, Russia, and Italy you must stay in this room."

Generally, modern Turkey is poor in development but rich in promise. The visitor is constantly told "*Yok*"—"There is none." The inference is, "*There will be, some day soon.*" Turkey's is the poverty of a beginner. Her program calls for more human beings, more wheat, more ships, more factories. American crop restriction, and slums in a land of plenty—the Turk cannot understand these and can only comment, "*Sickness of capitalism.*" He looks at Germany and Russia, whom he can understand better, and is thankful that he is ruled by superior men of his nation, not by a self-perpetuating clique or class party. He hopes that his son may become one of these superior men some day.

He is content to be an individual in his home, although outside it he must conform to the dictates of his new society in its war against the past. He is forging guns with which to protect that society but is not eating less wheat in order to have more steel. His spirit is that of a pioneer, and that enables him to endure hardships.

The road ahead may hold war. The Turk must wonder what will happen then—and mourn the absence of Atatürk, who preceded the modern world's other "strong men" to power, and to death.

But in the meantime the Turk knows he is building something new, is intrigued with the modern tools he is using, and is confident that class war will not tear down his structure. In fact, he may be surprised some day to learn that he has been heading toward democracy all the time.

THE SEAL OF THE SOUTH

PAUL P. WALSH

THE MILITARY juggernaut from the North pressed closer to Richmond. Slowly, ponderously, irresistibly it advanced in Ulysses Grant's final drive against Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Every day of that March, 1865, confirmed the tragic realization of Confederate leaders that retreat was inevitable, that their capital was doomed, that in all likelihood theirs was a Lost Cause. With disaster pending, the Confederacy rushed plans for transfer of its government to Charlottesville, west by north from Richmond in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Offices were dismantled and important files removed. From the State Department papers and documents were despatched in several consignments through the weeks prior to the evacuation of Richmond on Sunday, April 2.

The last shipment was on the night of Tuesday, March 28. William J. Bromwell, disbursing clerk in the State Department, was instructed by Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin to proceed with three boxes containing state papers to the new capital. Bromwell's orders were to travel by way of Danville, Virginia, where he was to pick up several boxes and trunks of official documents which had been forwarded from Richmond earlier and which had been hidden in the Danville Female Academy. Danville had been selected tentatively as temporary capital prior to the final choice of Charlottesville.

Bromwell reported his arrival in Charlottesville and his disposal of the documents there on April 1. He notified Secretary Benjamin that he hid the files in a secluded room in the City Hall. He marked the boxes and trunks, not with the C. S. A. designating them as the property of the Confederate States of America, but with personal initials and names, apparently with the intention of misleading any Northern forces into whose hands the papers might fall in the event of Union occupation of Charlottesville.

Among the official properties removed by Bromwell from the Confederate Department of State in Richmond was a silver engraving about four inches in diameter. It disappeared. It remained lost until after the turn of the century. During those intervening years

there flourished one of America's great mysteries, one which even yet is unsolved in several details—the mystery of the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America.

In 1863 the first Confederate Congress, in its third session, passed Joint Resolution No. 4 establishing an official seal. This emblem of sovereignty was described minutely in the resolution passed on the third of April and approved on the twentieth: "That the seal of the Confederate States shall consist of an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the capital square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat and rice), and having around its margin the words: The Confederate States of America, twenty second February, eighteen hundred sixty-two, with the following motto: '*Deo Vindice.*'"

In this utilitarian legislation, designed primarily to facilitate diplomatic correspondence, Confederate statesmen revealed other motives. By choosing as their motto "God, the Vindicator" they reaffirmed their faith in the justice of their cause; in choosing as the national idol the father of our country they strove to deprive their enemies in the United States of their first citizen. The date on the seal—February 22, Washington's Birthday—designated that day in 1862 when the Confederacy formally assumed autonomy and sovereignty, the day the permanent government commenced.

The approved legislation was referred to the Secretary of State as the member of the Cabinet most vitally concerned. There being no facilities in the South for fine engraving, Secretary of State Benjamin requested Commissioner James Murray Mason to arrange for the work in London.

Mason consulted in London with John Henry Foley, the noted sculptor, regarding the seal. This Confederate sympathizer designed the emblem from a sample sketch sent to Mason by Benjamin. Foley then recommended Wyon, engraver of the official seals of Great Britain, for the actual production. Henry Hotze, a former staff officer with General Breckenridge, was the contact man; Lieutenant R. C. Chapman, naval intelligence officer, later delivered the seal to Richmond.

In his instructions to Commissioner Mason, Benjamin emphasized that good engraving was desired regardless of price since any saving at the expense of fine workmanship would be "too small a matter to be taken into consideration in a work we fondly hope will be required in generations yet unborn."

Benjamin transmitted other advice to Mason in addition to official instructions. One significant recommendation was to the effect that the literal meaning of the wording of the resolution regarding the wreath could be interpreted to mean the inclusion of some, rather than all, of the agricultural products listed. In case space did not permit the inclusion of "cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat and rice" in the wreath, Benjamin advised, it would be fitting to exclude corn and wheat because they were representative of the United States as truly as of the Confederacy. On the other hand, he wrote, cotton, rice and tobacco must be included to represent the southern, middle, and northern states of the Confederacy.

It was on Benjamin's authority, too, that the seal carries the date in figures instead of in letters, contrary to the wording of the joint resolution. Benjamin explained to Mason that such deviation from the strict wording of the law was justified in that the sketch of the proposed seal submitted to Congress had the date in numerals.

Commissioner Mason reported the original cost estimate at eighty-five pounds. A payment of forty-two pounds was made during the course of the work with the balance payable on delivery. The final bill, as of July 2, 1864 (more than a year after the seal was authorized by the Congress in Richmond), was £122 10s.—about \$700 gold at the then rate of exchange.

The itemized statement included accessories which could not be procured in the Confederacy:

Seal, ivory handle, box with spring lock and screw press	£	s.
	84	
3,000 wafers	4	10
1,000 seal papers		7
1,000 strips parchment		18
100 brass boxes	16	5
100 cakes wax	7	
100 silk cords	6	5

1 perforator		5
3 packing cases lined with tin	3	
	<hr/>	
	122	10

It is assumed that Wyon delivered the seal and miscellaneous equipment to Secret Agent Hotze according to arrangements previously reported by Mason to Benjamin. All the paraphernalia, except the seal itself, were shipped prepaid by Messrs. Frazer, Trenholm and Company, agents, on the Cunard boat *Africa* to Halifax and thence to Bermuda on the *Alpha*. In Bermuda the cargo (press, wax, etc.) was lost, never to be found.

The seal, packed in tin, was entrusted to Lieutenant Chapman for personal delivery to Secretary Benjamin. Chapman left Liverpool on July 9 on the *Africa*. He managed his departure and crossing without arousing the curiosity of Union secret service men either in England or Canada. Similarly his trip to St. George, Bermuda, was without incident. The really hazardous leg of his journey was ahead—from Bermuda to the Confederacy. But he contrived to slip by the Union gunboats, which then patrolled the entire coastline of the South, on a blockade runner and landed safely in Wilmington, North Carolina.

That Secretary Benjamin actually received the seal is attested by his letter of September 20, 1864, to Mason. He wrote that Lieutenant Chapman had delivered the seal in person on September 4. After this September 20 communication there is no subsequent mention of the seal in any known official correspondence. It lay unused—due to the loss of the press and other essential equipment in Bermuda—in the State Department until the fall of Richmond. Then it disappeared for nearly half a century.

Through that long period innumerable fictions and fables circulated. Among the most widely believed and circulated were two stories. The first related that in some undisclosed manner the seal, or a direct clue to it, was imbedded in the cornerstone of the Confederate Memorial at Macon, Georgia.

The second yarn was authored by James Jones, a former coachman of President Jefferson Davis. Jones claimed that the Confederate President had entrusted the seal to him for safekeeping on the

day of the evacuation of Richmond. Despite the several improbabilities inherent in the Jones version it was accepted widely by the credulous. (One improbability was that President Davis would entrust such a precious national possession to his colored coachman in preference to any of his numerous trusted friends of proven discretion. Similarly the fact was ignored that President Davis was not the custodian of the seal which was, rather, in the care of the Secretary of State. Finally, the Confederate President was not in Richmond on evacuation day but had fled on the preceding Friday evening by special train.)

The real story of the lost seal is just as dramatic as the most vividly imaginative of the fictitious accounts. When Clerk Bromwell, pursuant to Secretary Benjamin's orders, left Richmond with the boxes of State Department valuables he was accompanied by his wife. The Great Seal went with them. Whether it was among the documents or, as seems more generally believed, secreted beneath Mrs. Bromwell's padded, billowing dress, is uncertain. Likewise it is questioned whether or not Bromwell ever went to Charlottesville and hid the files there as he reported. Probably he did, although the story persists that he hid the boxes in a barn just outside of Richmond.

Those hidden documents, of tremendous political and historical value in themselves, are important also in tracing the Great Seal's travels in all the ensuing years. Bromwell repossessed them after the war.

Due to the collapse of the Confederacy following General Lee's surrender on April 9, 1865—just a week after the evacuation of Richmond—the Confederate government had no use for the documents. They were liabilities rather than assets. One is inclined to believe that their destruction by Bromwell was contemplated by Benjamin if and when the Confederacy fell; their incriminating information would seem to demand such action by any loyal Southerner. Bromwell, however, retrieved them for his personal gain. He brought them with him when he returned to Washington after the war.

Before the secession Bromwell had lived in the national capital while employed as a clerk in the Bureau of Rolls, Department of State, a position he resigned on the eve of hostilities. He returned

to Washington on the invitation of Captain John T. Pickett, to whom he appealed subsequent to a futile attempt to establish a law practice in the South.

Bromwell's acquaintance with Pickett extended at least back to 1861 and probably earlier. In 1861 Pickett was sent to Mexico as the first Confederate Commissioner, an appointment gained through his familiarity with the neighboring country. Formerly he had been an American consul in Vera Cruz and later served as an officer in a filibustering expedition under Lopez.

Immediately after the collapse of the Confederacy Pickett was pardoned by President Johnson and granted permission to reside in Washington. Aside from the practice of law in the nation's capital Pickett was active in the buying and selling of Confederate souvenirs. His invitation to Bromwell to join him in his law firm is susceptible perhaps of several interpretations. His motive may have been pity. It may have been a genuine desire to help a former comrade. Or it may have been that he wanted to lay his hands on those very valuable State Department records.

At any rate, attempts to sell those papers were made immediately upon Bromwell's return to Washington, if not before. Pickett first tried to dispose of them to the Federal government. Unquestionably the State, War, and Navy departments were anxious to avail themselves of the authentic information the records contained. But Pickett's price of half a million dollars was considered ridiculous.

The surprising and perplexing fact in this connection, considering the violent attitude of post-war Washington administrations, is that drastic action was not taken against Pickett to force him to relinquish the stolen documents. The records were of tremendous importance at the time, not only because they would help to complete the government's war records, but also because they could be used to block financial claims of Southern citizens against the United States and because it was thought that they might reveal the hiding place of the vast gold holdings alleged to have been in the possession of the Confederate government.

There is no indication that the Federal government resorted to any method other than purchase negotiations to obtain the "Pickett Papers." True, efforts could have been made by government agents

without there being any existing records of such attempts; but it seems unlikely that Federal investigators would have been stumped in their attempts to locate and possess the documents if they really tried, particularly since it is American experience that our espionage service is always most efficient following a war. Pickett could have been no match for the Federal government, it seems reasonable to believe, if the government wanted those papers very badly.

After being turned down by the United States, Pickett made several offers of sale to prominent persons of Southern sympathies. All were rejected. Finally, in the early seventies, he got action on a proposal he made in 1868 to the State Department, at which time he had cut the asking price to \$150,000. The State Department, it is believed, was acting for the Division of Claims of the Treasury, which agency wanted the incontrovertible proof offered by the files of support given the Southern cause by numerous individuals who had pecuniary claims pending against the United States.

The price finally agreed upon was \$75,000 and that sum was appropriated especially for the transaction by Congress. As a preliminary to the purchase the government demanded inspection of the papers to determine their authenticity. Pickett readily agreed but insisted that the inspection be made in Canada, where, he claimed, the papers were hidden.

It was so agreed and Lieutenant Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. Navy, was detailed to accompany Pickett to Hamilton, Ontario. Neither Selfridge nor his superiors realized, of course, that the Pickett Papers, which had been in Washington all along, were shipped to Canada on the same train which carried Selfridge northward.

On that trip the young naval officer and the more experienced army man got along famously. They became quite friendly. So it transpired that not only the Confederate state papers changed hands but also, what was not included in the official transaction, the Confederate Great Seal.

Again Pickett's motives must be guessed at. It is possible that he wished to relinquish an object the personal possession of which could very easily prove embarrassing or even dangerous. Southern feelings still ran high; blood was hot. It is imaginable that unreconstructed Rebels would resent the possession by a private person of

this greatest relic of the Cause. Pickett probably considered that he would be well rid of it. But if such was his motive he had only to return the seal to Bromwell or, better still, donate it to some recognized representative organization in the South.

Another motive behind Pickett's gift might be that, in a very agreeable and expansive mood induced by the consciousness of a deal neatly turned—and augmented perhaps by a superfluous nip or two—he wanted to show his appreciation to Dame Fortune and her agent, Selfridge. Or it might be possible, of course, that the gift preceded the transaction. There is no evidence to indicate, nor has the suggestion ever been advanced, that the transfer of the seal from Pickett to Selfridge was a sale and not a gift.

If the first suggested explanation of Pickett's generosity is correct—that he rightly appraised Southern sentiment and feared to retain the seal—he very soon found his judgment vindicated. When news of the sale of the Confederate papers circulated it aroused intense feeling below Mason and Dixon's line. The names of Pickett and Bromwell became anathema in the South. Against them was unloosed all the pent-up bitterness of a vanquished people whose one and only chance of surviving the brutalities and persecutions of their Northern victors was the maintenance of complete solidarity. Bromwell and Pickett had violated that code; they had treated with the enemy; they had betrayed their own people.

Pickett, the stronger and shrewder, retaliated. He made a grand gesture. He offered to do his bit toward relieving destitution among former Confederates. But not with the \$75,000 he received for the papers, most of which went to Bromwell or in trust for Bromwell's wife. Rather, he offered for sale electrotyped impressions of the Great Seal, the proceeds above cost to go to charity. These medallions were cast in gold and silver plate and in bronze; they sold for seven and five dollars. They were manufactured by a printer in New York City who took a Masonic oath of secrecy never to reveal the whereabouts of the seal or the identity of its owner. Orders for the medallion were accepted by a jeweler in Washington. Pickett, in order to have these electrotypes made in 1883, had borrowed the Great Seal back from Selfridge, who was then a captain in charge of the Boston Navy Yard.

The medallions were advertised in a privately printed monograph. In this anonymous work, entitled *Sigillologia*, he revealed nothing which might give a hint as to the possessor of the seal. However, he reprinted a letter from Wyon's, in London, proving that the impressions being offered for sale were cast from the original seal.

What demand was created for the medallions or how many of the thousand manufactured were sold cannot be ascertained. The records in the jewelry shop in Washington which accepted the orders were destroyed more than a decade ago when a general cleanup followed a change of ownership.

Thus did Pickett react to vilification. Bromwell, weaker, broke. Beset by remorse, a prey to melancholy and despair, he became a pitiable sot. Shunned by old friends, despised by associates, he sought peace and forgetfulness in Europe. There he sank into oblivion, alone and friendless. He died in London, where the Great Seal was born.

Pickett, too, passed out of the picture. He expired in 1884, only a year after the episode of the medallions. He carried his secret with him. Not even to his family did he disclose the story of the Great Seal.

And time passed on. The seventies of the carpetbaggers merged with the eighties of recovery and the nineties of expansion. Came a new century and still the mystery of the Confederate Seal was as obscure as on that night in March when Bromwell hurried from a doomed city. Still another decade must pass, and two independent events occur before the shroud of secrecy around the seal was lifted.

The first event was the transfer of the Pickett Papers from the State Department to the Library of Congress; the second was the arrival in Washington of Walter A. Montgomery, former associate justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

Justice Montgomery spent a year in the capital on research work preparatory to writing a history of civil administration in the Confederacy. Among the references he consulted were the Pickett Papers. As he contemplated the history of those documents and noted the several references therein to the Great Seal, his dormant interest in the famous mystery was aroused. He reasoned well. He concluded that only one man could have acquired the seal; that man

was Bromwell. Piecing hint with allusion and fact with circumstance, he arrived at the conviction that the seal had passed from Bromwell to Pickett to Selfridge. And with the courage of his conviction he publicly charged in a newspaper interview in 1911 that Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., retired, either then had the seal or, having had it, knew to whom it went.

The charge was unanswered. On a nearby country estate in Maryland an aged invalid, a navy man who had risen through the grades to honorable retirement since that fateful day in 1872 when as a rash young officer he was the recipient of an improper gift, ignored Justice Montgomery.

Another year. Another disturbance in Selfridge's quiet rural life. He received a visitor, a courtly gentleman of a proud name, Lawrence Washington, collateral descendant of the first president. As chief of the Congressional Reference Division of the Library of Congress, Washington was familiar with the Pickett Papers and especially with the study of those papers made by his colleague, Gaillard Hunt, chief of the Library's manuscript division. Hunt, after an exhaustive study of the Pickett Papers and pertinent material, had arrived independently at the same conclusion as Justice Montgomery: that Admiral Selfridge had the Great Seal of the Confederacy. More determined than the old Justice and more methodical, Hunt delved deep into the mystery, correlated extraneous facts from miscellaneous publications and correspondence, traced the seal from its inception, through its creation, up to its final delivery and disappearance. And with circumstantial evidence leading to but one conclusion and pointing to but one man he threatened to expose Selfridge by publishing the facts. Lawrence Washington delivered that ultimatum.

One recourse was offered Selfridge—the release of the seal. To avoid unpleasant publicity, the old navy man agreed. But not by donating the seal to a university, museum, or patriotic organization of the South; not as a gift at all. He offered to sell it.

With simple directness Washington sought men of means to donate the necessary three thousand dollars to ransom the Great Seal. That quest was easy. There remained then but to identify the engraving as the original beyond any doubt.

Gaillard Hunt assembled an expertly documented account of the Great Seal's early history and of its career during the years of its disappearance. Selfridge substantiated the vital fact that the seal had been in Pickett's possession and, logically, in Bromwell's. Moreover, Selfridge affirmed that with the exception of the brief period during which Pickett had borrowed the seal in 1883 to have the medallions made he, Selfridge, never had let it out of his possession.

Incontrovertible proof that the seal was genuine was offered by Wyon's in London, the firm which manufactured it under orders of Commissioner Mason. It was a custom with that house to retain a first impression of any important work of engraving entrusted to it. Such an impression was made of the Confederate Great Seal. When Selfridge's seal was sent to Wyon's for inspection it was proved to be authentic. The English engravers so attested and, in further confirmation, furnished a wax impression taken from their replica, which impression matches in every detail the Selfridge seal.

No doubt then remained that the long-lost seal was found. It was acquired immediately and presented to the Confederate Museum in Richmond. Its cycle was complete. It found refuge again in that historic city where forty-nine years earlier a short-lived Congress had conceived the Great Seal as a symbol of sovereignty of the Confederate States of America.

SHOULD JOURNALISM BE TAUGHT?

EARL L. VANCE

THE DECISION of Harvard University to establish fifteen fellowships for working newspapermen with one million dollars bequeathed by Mrs. Lucius William Nieman "to promote and elevate the standards of journalism" again brought to the fore the question of whether journalism is a proper field for study in school and college. Harvard arrived at its decision, it was intimated, in the firm conviction that it did not care to sponsor such study, and thus it provided that the recipients of the fellowships could study in whatever field they choose.

Close on the heels of Harvard's decision came a public utterance by the President of the University of Chicago which voices a point of view similar to that of Harvard. As quoted by *Newsweek*, President Hutchins said to the Inland Daily Press Association in 1937:

The shadiest educational ventures under respectable auspices are the schools of journalism. They exist in defiance of the obvious fact that the best preparation for journalism is a good education. Journalism itself can be learned, if at all, only by being a journalist.

This same idea has been one good for the newspaper headlines at least once or twice a year for a good many years. Newspapermen after first patronizing and in some cases endowing schools of journalism, for purposes of their own let us suppose, later announced, also for purposes of their own and with somewhat constant reiteration, that such schools were not turning out students who could serve their ends to best advantage. Controlling as they did all the loud-speakers, they have got this idea thoroughly established in everybody's mind, including the presidents of Harvard and the University of Chicago. It seems time now that we take this subject out of the newspapers and examine it in the light of common sense and reason.

At the outset I think we must agree that newspapermen are not the ones best suited to pass upon the worth of instruction in journalism. Some newspapermen, yes; but by and large newspapermen are

quite naturally more concerned with the practical aspects of their work than with the theoretical. They have little time for such ulterior considerations as the social effects or cultural values resulting from their enterprise. But these are important matters from the educational point of view. Even if newspapermen were members of a learned profession they would still have the limitations as critics attaching to any group whose judgment must be conditioned by its special interests. Were schools and colleges too dependent on the sanction of such special groups, none of them could rise much above trade schools. Imagine what Harvard or Yale would be if they had listened at every step to the dictates of the clergy who were mainly instrumental in their founding and who had in view preparing students for the ministry. It was by surmounting this narrow original purpose that these and scores of other universities were able to achieve larger social purposes.

A closer parallel to journalism schools is seen in the various business schools and the departments of economics and government. These have been valuable, it might almost be said, in proportion to their independence of business or political sanction. This has become so well recognized that it would appear a little absurd if the National Association of Manufacturers or the United States Chamber of Commerce should condemn wholesale the teaching of economics or business. It is recognized that the highest function of such teaching is to view business, not as a partisan, still less as a handmaiden, but from the standpoint of the impartial student—that is, to “promote and elevate” the standards of business. The same can be said of all other schools, professional and nonprofessional—schools of agriculture, of education, of home economics, of engineering, as well as colleges of liberal arts.

II

Considered, then, not from the standpoint of the practical newspaperman, but of the general public, what is wrong with schools of journalism as they stand? Is there need for instruction in journalism? What is the field of such instruction? And what is its function?

I wish to distinguish two types of journalistic education. One type may appropriately be called professional or vocational, having as its object the preparation of students for newspaper or other

journalistic work. This, broadly stated, is the function of the so-called school of journalism. The second type may be called education *in* journalism rather than education *for* journalism, and its function is to study the periodical press as a significant social institution of great complexity and importance—how it works, its character, trends, purposes, and effects. This type of education is intended primarily for the general student, but it will also have special value for the prospective journalist in sending him into his calling with some conception of its function and its relation to other human pursuits. Such general studies in journalism belong in departments of journalism in liberal arts colleges.

I am not one who defends the growth of professionalism in American colleges and universities. I classify myself, as *Newsweek* classifies President Hutchins, as a "caustic foe of 'vocationalism.' " But I do not see how even the *professional* sort of training in journalism can be singled out as though it marked the difference between "pure" learning and vocational training. Almost, if not quite, every university in the land of any considerable size and complexity is shot through and through with studies of a vocational and semivocational, professional and semiprofessional character and with still other courses involving little or no complex intellectual process; and many of these courses are among those generally accepted as the very essence of the "sound" disciplines.

What, for example, is the difference, in theory at least, between a school of journalism and a school of business, in which neither Harvard nor Chicago apparently sees anything low or vulgar? The utilitarian motive, however, is by no means confined to the professional schools. It has extended into every branch of the university, including the college of liberal arts. Here are a few typical courses taken from the catalogue of Harvard: Accounting, Aims and Methods of Social Service, Management of Institutions and Welfare Agency, Public Speaking, Military Science and Tactics, Principles of Teaching, The Improvement of Instruction in Pre-Commercial Subjects, The Improvement of Instruction in Commercial Skill Subjects, Principles and Practices in Vocational Guidance, The Teaching of Mathematics.

The University of Chicago is even more deeply impregnated

with vocationalism. It has a whole professional school devoted to library science and another devoted to social welfare administration. Among dozens of other vocational courses picked at random from its catalogue are these: Secretarial Training, Business Teaching, Management and Science in the Packing Industry, Science of Cooking, Teaching Nutrition in the Secondary and Elementary Schools, Textile Testing, Interior Decoration, Employment Management Techniques, Business Propaganda and Public Relations, Advertising, Problems of Sales Management, The Teaching of Typewriting. Let us now add to these a few other courses taken from a typical college of liberal arts and found in scores of others: Business English, Business Law, Cataloguing, Applied Physics, Applied Psychology, Human Efficiency, Character and Personality Development, Psychology Applied to Problems of Education, Methods of Social Case Work, Marriage and the Family, Story Telling.

What becomes of President Hutchin's "shadiest educational venture" and his assertion that "journalism can be learned only by being a journalist" in the light of all these "practical" courses? Can he not say that cataloguing can be learned by cataloguing, teaching only by being a teacher, business training only by entering business, training in the packing industry only by entering the packing industry, and training for marriage and the family only by marrying and having a family? If all these techniques, vocations, and what-have-you have a place in the American university I can see no reason for assuming a too snobbish attitude toward the techniques, business, and other minutiae of even the country weekly. Those of us who would have the university confine itself to matters of high intellectual significance unfortunately find the horse already out to pasture, and I cannot help feeling that those who single out journalism as the lone untouchable have fallen into the well-marked pattern popular journalism itself has created.

III

Schools of journalism, it is true, have been too technical and specialized, too vocational in the narrow sense of that term, in line with the general trend. Even colleges of engineering and of medicine have begun to realize they have neglected the social aspects of their profession in a too zealous pursuit of technique. The natural

tendency of all American education has been dispersive rather than cohesive; it has tended to elaborate more and more the minute aspects rather than the broad relationships of the various subjects. Journalism schools did not create this state of affairs, nor are they the worst offenders; they inherited it, and like others have suffered from it. Like others, too, they have not known exactly how to get away from it as yet, although notable progress has been made in that direction.

The main objection to the highly vocational sort of training for journalism is that the techniques in journalism do not constitute the most important part of the journalist's equipment. There are techniques, and they can be taught, and in their proper emphasis they should be taught. But it is unfortunate when these techniques become more than a minor part of education for journalism—just as it is unfortunate when schools of education emphasize, as they usually have done, techniques and methods to the neglect of philosophy, purpose, and educational background. This is what President Hutchins probably had in mind when he said that the "best preparation for journalism is a good education." Obviously this is true; but President Hutchins seems to imply that there could be no such thing as education especially directed toward journalism. It could as well be said that the best preparation for a teacher or a minister or an executive is a good education. But actually these are given special instruction in the special materials they are to deal with, and from the special point of view of their future professions. They, likewise, certainly should be given special instruction in the function and implications of their respective vocations.

Unfortunately, the business of journalism does not yet offer a sufficient number of sufficiently well-paid jobs to support extensive professional preparation in the field by the majority of newspapermen. Publishers and managers have found that relatively unschooled young men, and at very low wages, can soon be whipped into condition to carry on most types of newspaper work at a level that will avoid too many complaints from the unsuspecting public and hence keep people reading the paper. But this situation seems destined to change. Anyone over thirty years old can remember when it was possible to practice either medicine or dentistry in some states with-

out prior educational qualifications. I think that time is now past, and the reason is that the public desired to raise the standards of such practice. There are still no educational prerequisites to law practice in a great many states, nor even for school teaching, admission being by examination. But the state is now more and more stepping in to regulate through licensing the practice of all occupations having important public bearings—even of skilled trades such as plumbing, radio repairing, barber practice, and beauty culture.

Because of the rightly prized tradition of the "free" press the state has been restrained from setting up standards for those engaged in the important business of gathering, selecting, and presenting the stuff that goes into the building of the popular mind, the theory being that the intellectual realm is one where the ignorant and the wise alike must be left free, with the responsibility resting upon the public to protect itself as best it can from the ignorant and irresponsible. Considering the difficulty of determining what is "right" or "wrong," "good" or "bad," in the intellectual realm, it is perhaps well not to attempt too much regulation in this field; but this would seem to place an especially heavy responsibility on universities to take a lead in establishing and elevating the standards in journalistic work. The dangers of surrendering so important a function as the dissemination of information to the free-for-all world of commercial journalism without even an effort to subject it to critical scrutiny and to foster better practices on the part of impartial educational agencies seem all too obvious.

The role of journalistic education in the professional sense is, then, to elevate the standards of journalism by determining and emphasizing those practices, policies, and techniques that experience and the consensus of judgment of discriminating persons show to be better, and, in general, to send persons into journalism with a more adequate grasp of their function.

IV

Nonvocational education in journalism seeks to elevate the standards of journalism in two ways: by producing more intelligent readers and students of the press, and by influencing the press directly through subjecting it to a constant critical analysis and discussion.

The character of this sort of education can best be suggested by comparing it with courses in government or in general economics. In neither of these is the aim vocational; we do not expect students of political science to become practical politicians, nor students of general economics to enter business necessarily. Yet these courses have long been an important part of what we call a general education. We justify them on the ground that government and economics constitute important social forces, and that some knowledge of them by the general student is indispensable to an understanding of his world. The case for the study of journalism as a social institution rests on the same ground—namely, that it is a basic instrument in understanding the shifting movements in the world and an important force in determining them.

It is indeed a matter of some amazement that educational institutions, despite their digging into nearly every conceivable subject known to man, past and present, have given little attention to a subject that so vitally affects almost every aspect of contemporary life as the periodical press. Even if we discount somewhat the time-worn claims concerning the importance of the press—claims embodied in such phrases as "the fourth estate"—there still must be left the indisputable fact that the periodical press is one of the most potent forces in the world today, one that, in democratic countries at least, is more primary than government itself. It is a commonplace to say that public opinion directs government; and as long as government remains democratic this must be so. I am not of course identifying public opinion with newspaper opinion, but public opinion over a long period of time will inevitably and fundamentally be conditioned by, not so much the opinion, as the character of journalism.

This is recognized nowhere more than in dictatorial countries where it is realized that even absolutism is dependent on the control of the popular mind, and the main device used in this control is control of the press, not merely of the opinions it expresses but of the information it conveys. The free flow of information is incompatible with ideological unity, upon which absolutism rests. This is perhaps what Walter Lippmann meant when he said that "in an exact sense the present crisis in Western democracy is a crisis in journalism" and Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London

Times, when he called journalism "the greatest unsolved problem of democracy." Journalism, dominating as it does men's thinking about their world, is obviously called on to render a function crucial to the democratic way of life, and that it has failed lamentably is witnessed daily by the new inroads of absolutism, with its accompanying obscurantism in thought and barbarism in conduct. For phenomena like Hitler or Mussolini cannot be regarded as surprises sprung on the people. The people were prepared for them by fundamental breakdowns in the democratic machinery, due, as such breakdowns must be, to breakdowns in men's thinking.

Journalism is a crucial link in the democratic chain because it constitutes the major channel through which information, true or false, reaches the people and which inevitably emerges as policy. It is the eyes and ears of the social organism, seeing, hearing, selecting, eliminating, emphasizing, and enlarging the impressions to be conveyed to the mass mind and on the basis of which the mass body *must* eventually act. This is true not only for the very ignorant but also for the very learned: for what does anyone know about the world just beyond his immediate physical environment except as it comes to him through secondary channels, and mainly through the periodical press? Let even the best informed of readers ask himself, for example, what he actually *knows* about what is going on in Russia or Italy or Spain at the moment and how he knows it. Unless he should have recently been in these countries he will find that what he actually knows, in the sense of having firsthand information, is exactly nothing. And yet he is almost certain to have a considerable body of ideas about all these countries, which, without his being quite aware of their origin, stand in his mind as truths. Upon these he thinks and acts with reference to those countries. Multiply this by some millions and you have an approximation of the number of ideas about things and peoples and places resting in the heads of people for the sole or main reason that newspapers selected, arranged, and deposited them there. And here you have foreign policy, cultural character, intellectual and emotional bent already ripened before specific events release them.

The frequent disputations concerning the influence of the press, it seems to me, show a total misconception of the very nature of such influence. They seem to assume that it is a separate entity, divorced

from the character of the newspaper itself—that newspaper influence is mainly overt and premeditated. And when the newspapers lose a prohibition campaign or a presidential election many people are ready to accept it as proof of the impotence of the press. Such conscious influence is a negligible part of newspaper influence, and the least significant part. When the newspaper departs from the subtle and disarming role of telling the reader upon what he is to *base* his decisions and starts telling him plainly *what* decisions he must make, it warns him of the influence at work on him and thus enables him to erect a defense in accordance with his own interests and way of thinking. The fact is that it does not much matter what you tell a person to believe after you have told him everything he knows as a basis for belief.

The effect of journalism on our national life, though mainly subtle and inobvious, is nevertheless deep and pervasive. It insinuates itself into the very essence and structure of our whole culture and becomes expressed not so much as opinion as in fundamental conditioning. The values we cherish, the habits of our daily lives, the character of our politics, our very tastes in art, literature, and recreation, and all the ends for which we strive are vitally affected by what is kept central in our consciousness through the process of journalistic selection and emphasis.

v

Important as the subject is, what areas are there in the field of journalism calling for study and research?

The plain truth is that there is no field needing more painstaking study and offering more fruitful opportunities for research than journalism, nor one that has been more neglected. This, I venture to suggest, would seem obvious if instead of belonging to our own day all that we know or might know about modern journalism belonged to a more ancient period. It is easy to picture the meticulous research leading to scores of Ph.D. degrees that would then be devoted to ferreting out the nature, influence, and interrelationships of this monstrous machine. Typographical art alone would become a field to which endless theses would be devoted, and the more complex aspects of journalism—its costs, distribution, organization, and control, its varying character and cultural tone—would offer never failing

source material for research scholars. But, alas, journalism is a *living* reality, vitally affecting the very scholars that ignore it.

An important part of the general study of journalism should be devoted to reading from and to critical examination of the character of the various types of magazines and newspapers themselves. What are they like? What function do they aim to serve? Who are their readers? Who are their owners? What is their bias or "policy"? What is the record concerning their integrity? What is the worth of the stuff they print? Solely from the standpoint of cultivating better reading tastes, if for no other reason, these questions need to be explored in American schools and colleges, the nature of the approach being adapted to the grade level and the background and equipment of the particular students. There is certainly nothing more vulgar in such study than in dozens of others; and our historical approach to the matter of inculcating reading tastes on any very general scale is a self-evident failure. The circulation figures for any of the few magazines of undoubted quality when compared with those of a half-hundred of the obviously puerile and when further compared with the annual enrollments in courses in literature in universally educated America are ample proof of that.

As one who has taught both "literature" and current journalistic reading I think I can see the reason for this. The contemporary reader is the only one for whom any writer ever wrote. Indeed, there are few things out of the past that anyone can *completely* read today. It is simply no longer possible to re-create the attitudes, stock of ideas, and little timely customs, with all their emotional flavor, that went into the writing. It is impossible for us to hate the Scotch reviewers as Shelley hated them when he wrote *Adonais*. Even if we steep ourselves in the petty affairs of the time, as only the scholar can do, we are still somewhat limited in our understanding; and the casual student is bound to find much of the long road from *Beowulf* to Thomas Hardy an unsympathetic journey. He will miss much of the warm human contact; he can neither pity nor condemn those along the way crying out to him from agonies he only partly understands. Milton's *Aeropagitica* can never move him like Dorothy Thompson's flight from Germany, or a current crusade of the Civil Liberties Union.

I would not steep students too deeply in the mere disputations of the day, but I would have them discover from wide current reading that language is a realistic tool. I would give them the current essays of James Truslow Adams and Julian Huxley with no more apology than we make for the essays of John Stuart Mill or Thomas Henry Huxley. Such reading should constitute one phase of education in journalism.

The whole field of the social implications of the periodical press, which has been relatively neglected by scholars, constitutes another phase. Take, for example, the question of the formation of public opinion. Much study needs to be devoted to this subject, particularly to the part played by information media such as newspapers and magazines in determining popular beliefs. I think we can postulate tentatively that such influence, direct and indirect, is at least as great as that exercised by all the schools and universities put together—partly because the latter are themselves, and in ways they do not realize, influenced by journalism. Those inclined to think this fantastic may reflect on the lesson of the World War and how it was put over, even on the universities, and the subsequent reverberations to the very depths of society. The part of popular journalism in building such war psychoses must be conceded to be very great, but it will require more study to appraise it fully. Princeton University recently has recognized the importance of this field and has begun the publication of a journal devoted to the subject, the *Public Opinion Quarterly*.

The very mechanics of newsgathering is a subject having important educational value. We need to know, to begin with, the educational qualifications of those intrusted with the crucial function of seeing, selecting, and interpreting the events of the world for us. In the absence of legal restrictions, it seems desirable at least to know whose judgment it is we must accept concerning what is pertinent and what is not among the many movements of a day. We need to know, moreover, the inherent difficulties they face, even the most scrupulous of them, in trying to give us a fair picture of the intricate world that is their canvas. We usually think of censorship, for example, as involving only the forcible suppression of important information. Actually this is perhaps a relatively minor type of

censorship, even in dictatorial countries. The most obstinate problem of censorship involves what has been called censorship at the news source—that is, the refusal of persons in public or semipublic positions to give out information to which the public is entitled, unless it suits their interests. Worse than that, they are likely to boycott a reporter who is too zealous in ferreting out the information for himself and publishing it. This type of censorship affects the hand-outs from Washington no less than those from Berlin, and the thinking of millions is thus affected by what is not in the newspaper. We need to re-examine our whole concept of the so-called “freedom” of the press in the light of such considerations as these.

A few more topics needing study and teaching will suffice to sketch the broad limits of the field. One is what we may call the economics of the press. This involves the question of ownership, the effects of commercial advertising, the nature of such advertising, and other economic relationships. Here is room for the sort of study in the field of journalism that Beryl has done in the field of economics with reference to the corporations. Another subject to which little attention has been given is propaganda. We have not even yet determined what the word means. In 1937 the Institute for Propaganda Analysis was formed by a group of educators, among them Charles A. Beard, Kirtley Mather, and Robert S. Lynd, who saw a need for research in this field, and according to the *New York Times* some fifty thousand high-school students last year received the publications of the Institute and were conducting studies based on them. This is a good beginning, but research and study in this field should have the attention of a large number of colleges and universities. The subject is a particularly knotty and difficult one, but it is too important to be neglected or left to isolated groups.

VI

The whole subject of news evaluation and its effect on popular thinking needs to be studied and taught as an integral part of a general education in a democracy. As a simple example of what is meant here we may take the study reported by Silas Bent in his book *Ballyhoo* showing that the percentage of total newspaper space devoted to sports increased from 1.7 per cent in 1875 to 5.1 per cent in 1900 and 25.4 per cent in 1925, while the percentage devoted to general

news declined from 55.3 to 26.7 per cent in the same fifty years. The figures are taken by Bent from two different studies and involving different newspapers so they cannot be taken as entirely accurate indices, but they at least show the possibilities of such studies. The same author cites another study concerning the amount of space devoted to a prize fight and to a concurrent session of the National Education Association and the World Conference on Education. Chicago newspapers gave the fight 1,353 inches, the educational meeting 2 inches. In New York the proportion was 14 to 1, in Washington 50 to 1, and the Philadelphia papers did not mention the educational meeting. The *Christian Science Monitor* gave the educational meeting 267 inches and did not mention the fight. It is a legitimate subject of scholarly study to inquire into the nature, significance, and effect on popular thinking of such newspaper emphases as these. In other words, universities should assist in the development of a science of the news. Walter Lippmann says:

In a few generations it will be ludicrous to historians that a people professing government by the will of the people should have made no serious effort to guarantee the news without which a governing opinion cannot exist. "Is it possible," they will ask, "that at the beginning of the Twentieth Century nations calling themselves democracies were content to act on what happened to drift across their doorstep; that apart from a few sporadic exposures and outcries they made no plans to bring these common carriers under social control; that they provided no genuine training schools for the men upon whose sagacity they were dependent; above all that their political scientists went on year after year writing and lecturing about government without producing one, one single, significant study of the process of public opinion?"

It has long been a commonplace that democracy is compatible only with a wide dissemination of education. I think we can now add that democracy is compatible only with a relatively high standard of journalism. The ability of people to rule is dependent on their ability to get accurate and dependable information concerning the world they must rule. I can think of no higher function belonging to the universities than that of taking a lead in "promoting and elevating" this basic function in a democracy. The once great German universities stand as ghastly portents of the danger of shirking this responsibility.

MACLEISH AND THE MODERN TEMPER

DAYTON KOHLER

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has brought poetry back to the language of public speech, poetry that is once more a record of man's common fate. Written in an age of crisis, his work is an act of participation in the living world. For the problem of the modern writer is a search for the moral subject, one that will support a literature of belief and meaning, and relate that literature to the disordered life of our time. Nowhere is this search better illustrated than in the career of Archibald MacLeish. Step by step he has emerged from private association and the scholarly influences of his apprenticeship. Today his poems exhibit a craftsmanship of passion and intelligence. He has added his own intellectual equipment and the vigorous imagery of the present to the cultural tradition of the past, and the expression of his belief is an Americanism that goes beyond geographical or party loyalties.

For him the problem is also one of communication. Like all poets who have something to say, he has forged his own instrument of expression, and toward this end he has experimented daringly at times, attempting to enlarge the references of his themes by the use of technical devices borrowed from the radio and the talking picture. Behind the modernity of his technique, however, is a poet of passionate and austere vision. In his *Poems, 1924-1933*, we can trace the stages of his development: a young poet's awareness of his natural world, a struggle for self-identity, and at last a realization of the artist's responsibility in a period of social collapse and the decay of ancient faith. *Public Speech* carried him forward into the ranks of a collective society. *The Fall of the City* and *Air Raid* pose dramatically a problem of our age, the menace of the dictator and man's dwindling impulse toward freedom. *Land of the Free* asserts the necessity of action; in a stricken land men must stand up to live.

The verse plays for radio are interesting both for the poet's use of broadcasting technique and the extension of a literary philosophy which gives meaning and value to his later work. *The Fall of the*

City has for its theme "the terror that stands at the shoulder of our time"—the submission of the masses before the Strong Man of modern destiny. The poet presents his drama as originating in a broadcasting studio of a large city, where the announcer stands overlooking a market place in which the citizens have gathered to hear the words of a woman returned from the grave to foretell bloodshed and disaster. When she comes to the square at noon, shrilling her ill-doomed prophecy, panic takes the crowd. Disorder spreads with the arrival of a runner bringing word that a great conqueror is marching against the city. There is much confusion and shouting, above which rises the voice of the announcer as he describes the tumult in the square below him. An orator argues for peace. A second messenger reports that other cities in the conqueror's path have surrendered. When the priests speak, a mob led by a young girl storms the temple. An old general tries to reason with the crowd. He tells them that their grandfathers died to be free, but now they are juggling with their freedom. He urges them to die fighting; otherwise their children will crawl before the invader. Voices lifted in terror drown his words. The guards retreat from the outer walls; smoke of a great burning fills the sky. Then the conqueror enters the city. His shadow looms large in the afternoon sunlight and the people fall prostrate before him. Only the announcer remains standing; he alone sees that this is no man but a warlike, hollow shape of metal. And he proclaims.

The people invent their oppressors: they wish to believe in them.

They wish to be free of their freedom: released from their liberty:

The long labor of liberty ended!

But the city has fallen. The masterless men have found their master.

In *Air Raid* MacLeish again uses the announcer as a dramatic character to give his play the effect of a spot news broadcast. The scene is an old border town in middle Europe, and the action is a symphonic contrast between the sharply visual details of the attack and settled habits of a simple, racial culture, revealed in the speech of the characters, that is being destroyed by modern warfare. Stationed in a house overlooking the public square, the announcer waits for the enemy planes from across the border. From time to time the micro-

phone picks up the sounds of everyday village life, the gossip of housewives at their morning work, a sick woman's monotone, the voices of young lovers. Then the planes roar overhead. Death falls from the sky upon these people. Stories of former battles had not prepared them for a new conqueror who kills women and children in the totalitarian wars. The play illustrates the announcer's commentary:

In the old days they watched along the borders:
They called their warfare in the old days wars
And fought with men and men who fought were killed:
We call it peace and kill the women and the children.

Land of the Free is completely documentary in theme. On one side of the page are pictures that range from background shots of small towns, farm lands and crowded cities to close-up studies of American faces—farmers, workmen on relief, hitchhikers, underfed children—a graphic cross-section of America under the discipline of recent social experience. Beside these camera shots the lines of the poem have been placed like the sound track of a talking picture, a running commentary upon the wasted land and its impoverished people. The result is a new kind of American picture book, in which text and illustrations are woven together by the theme of the poem itself: in our land today freedom is more than frontier earth-room or elbow-room; it is a liberty of men, not land. This is poetry that rises above the slim volume on the parlor table into a larger world of thought and action.

The implications of these poems are clear. For Archibald MacLeish the moral subject is the problem of men's freedom in a world threatened by mass politics and social upheaval. He has made his own compromise with the time-spirit, but his art bears the marks of a battle fought along several critical fronts. No longer a poet-wanderer knowing confusion and doubt, he has become a poet of participation and declaration. In *Public Speech* he shows clearly the issues of the class struggle, although his interests are determined by the human problems of the cause and not entirely by the political systems involved. Those critics who have welcomed him into the Marxist ranks because he attacks Fascism in "The German Girls"

and his radio plays should remember his insistence that men are not made brothers by words in a book.

The brotherhood is not by the blood certainly:

But neither are men brothers by speech—by saying so:

Men are brothers by life lived and are hurt for it.

Here is an indication of his political belief. Because he writes in the present he is aware of strikes and breadlines and the dictators' wars, but he speaks only for the common man in the inevitable drift of time. And although he believes liberty and brotherhood possible of attainment, he carries no banner in a political parade. He states thoughtfully and sincerely that experience shared is the common lot of men, a vision of human destiny that attempts to rationalize present needs by past greatness and future good.

The predicament of Archibald MacLeish as a poet is this: he is writing in a period overshadowed by economic and political determinism. Modernism alone is not enough, for modernism is an attitude of disbelief in contemporary values that begins with weariness and disillusionment and ends in defeatist snobbery and despair. At its best it produced the historical catalogues of Ezra Pound's *Cantos* and the splintered classicism of T. S. Eliot. But the *Wasteland* of the Twenties could not be changed by neoclassic charting within its borders and a definite movement to politicalize our literature began with the crisis of 1931. The literary manifestoes of our time—the humanism of Thornton Wilder, the withdrawal of Eliot toward an ancient ritual and royalist state, the agrarian revival in the South, the swing of Dos Passos and others toward the revolutionary left—showed the desire of these artists to reintegrate themselves into the social group so that some measure of security might be found in a world in which economics and social and political warfare have destroyed the values that ordered the lives of men in earlier ages.

As a poet MacLeish has shared the hopelessness and confusion of the present age. Man has been challenged by the systems which he created; before he can remold a civilization instinct with chaos and decay he must reaffirm the motive of his existence in the modern world. He must find an image of mankind in which men with common faith can still believe. The time of the poet as a prophet and

myth-maker has passed. Today the sincere artist must justify himself in his own age. He is no longer the creator of systems, but their interpreter or critic. Speaking to the second National Congress of American Writers in Carnegie Hall in June, 1937, MacLeish made clear his allegiance in the class struggle. He declared for the freedom of art and the common man when he said: "The war is already made. Not a preliminary war. Not a local conflict. The actual war between the fascist powers and the things they would destroy, the war against which we must defend ourselves. . . . And in that war, that Spanish war on earth, we, writers who contend for freedom, are ourselves, and whether we wish so or not, engaged."

II

Two currents of poetic attitude can be traced through the poetry of Archibald MacLeish: his sense of the past and his deep loyalty and passion for the American land. This strong feeling for a place marked his departure from the cactus-clumped stretches of the Waste-land, and his image of America, the brown woman "with the mouth of no other country," is a symbol of his love for the American earth and his people.

Although he disdains classicism as a formal motive of art, MacLeish is a traditional poet in the same way that Eliot and Pound are also in the stream of tradition. That is to say, he is not lacking in the historical sense which links his work with the literature of the past. He has borrowed much from older writers and from anthropology, not by way of passive imitation but to provide a proper background for his own imagination. Legends of fertility, conveyed in images of sun and water and man's earliest beliefs in primitive religion and custom, give an atmosphere of racial mythology to *The Pot of Earth* and *The Happy Marriage*. Elpenor, fated companion of Odysseus, speaks again to the wandering, anonymous generation of "1933." *Conquistador* takes its structural framework from the account of Bernal Diaz in his *True History of the Conquest of New Spain*. This sense of the past and the present together serves to mold the structure of his thought and the movement of his poems.

MacLeish has always insisted upon the honesty of the poet's vision. He himself looks at life in terms of conflict. In *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish* this struggle is an internal one. He presents man

—the Western man of the twentieth century—as a timeless Hamlet knowing the frustration of indecision and doubt, unable to find in his own time the greater, external symbols that correspond to his inner will-to-believe. The poet has built his theme upon the stage directions of the Elizabethan play, borrowing from Shakespeare the frame into which he has fitted scenes of his own devising as reflective or illustrative of contemporary life. The whole is a dramatic condensation of the hopes, doubts, and fears that confused a rootless generation in the aftermath of war.

Conquistador projects a conflict of civilizations. It is also the great American fable, for the conquest of Mexico is the climax of romantic, individual achievement upon the Western continent. The story follows the progress of our civilization: the pioneers who took the savage land, the organizers who followed them, the growth of cities, the coming of machinery, the lost villages and forgotten hopes, and in the end a collapsing social fabric while the great dream lives only in the scattered memories of a few old men dulled with age and broken by the struggle to endure. "That which I have myself seen and the fighting. . . ." This is epic, a story of heroic achievement in the recollections of Bernal Diaz, as strong and violent as the American temper, a narrative that reasserts the need of heroism and action.

In *Panic* he faced his problem directly for the first time. This play is a morality drama of the class struggle, when the banking crisis of late February, 1933, made real the death-will of a capitalistic class, deprived of the symbols of its power, in contrast to the blind, obstinate will-to-live of the masses. The suicide of McGafferty, the chief banker, symbolizes the crumbling faith and economic fatalism of a social class. But for the proletariat it is a victory without honor; their will-to-live holds no belief in man's common destiny.

For MacLeish himself the problem of man's fate depends upon the preservation of a national tradition. His Americanism is as far removed as possible from the easy nationalism of a Walt Whitman or a Paul Engle, and his poetry makes evident the fact that his choice was deliberate and difficult. It is a strange thing, he says, to be an American, one of a nation dwelling "on the open curve of a continent."

It is strange to sleep in the bare stars and to die
On an open land where few bury before us:
(From the new earth the dead return no more.)
It is strange to be born of no race and no people.

This is not a country where men have lived their generations of common ancestral belief and custom, but

This is our country-earth, our blood, our kind.
Here we will live our years till the earth blind us.

In his later work MacLeish has accepted the folkways and familiar earth of his inheritance. The distinctive quality of his Americanism is not an attitude in the abstract or political sense but the determination of a man to understand himself in his own time. He has insisted again and again that the poet must return to his own land or be forever rootless. His own feeling for the American land is at all times a responsible emotion. It is clear that his imagination has been stirred by the contrast between the promise of a new way of life in a new country and the tragic unfulfillment of that life grown mean and hopeless in a land wasted by pioneer prodigality and further exploited by capital and machinery. The promise of freedom and plenty has dwindled to a waste of human impulse and effort in a nation of floods, dust bowls, strikes, unemployment, and government subsidies. His contempt for those who have despoiled the land for private gain or would exploit it for political experiment shows a love of country that goes beneath social change and economic theory.

The "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" were not, as many believed, a topical American version of the hymn to Horst Wessel. They were poems in praise of the land itself, and their purpose was to trace man's relationship to the American scene through the Indian wars of frontier days, the laboring life, and the mixed motives of expatriate artists, capitalists and communists. With quiet violence he contrasts the records of the empire-builders, to whom the land was all prices and the inked pages of their ledgers, with the letter Meriwether Lewis wrote to Thomas Jefferson "when the land lay waiting for its westward people." And having satirized the despoiling industrialists, he speaks to revolutionaries with ironic warning:

She's a tough land under the oak-trees mister.
It may be she can change the word in the book
As she changes the bone of a man's head in his children:
It may be that the earth and the men remain.

For the earth does not change. This nation could be a fruitful land again. But somewhere there must be a new beginning, a new history of unknown, nameless men, many together in a common democracy. In the "Frescoes" for the first time MacLeish identified his feelings for the land with his sympathy for men exploited by the same systems of rapacity and greed.

III

Our course is forward, the poet tells us in "1933," carrying with us what we have saved from the wreck of recent years, forgetting the soft words of rich men, teachers, dictators, and rebels who would delay us for time, until we come to the future and a "clean beach, an unplowed country," there to "begin it again." This singleness of purpose holds true also for the individual and the artist. He speaks for the nameless man in *Panic*:

The world's to the unnamed man with the
Reckless speech who will stand to the
Cold marching stars and
Shriek in the face of it hardening
Man's mortal body to
Bear and endure like a god. . . .

And for the artist in "The Social Muse":

He that goes naked goes farther at last than another:
Wrap the bard in a flag or a school and they'll jimmy his
Door down and be thick in his bed—for a month:

(Who recalls the address now of the Imagists?)
But the naked man has always his own nakedness.
People remember forever his live limbs.

The poems in *Public Speech* speak with a keener social awareness. He says that "hope that was a noble flame has fanned to violence and feeds on cities and the flesh of men," and man's only light today is love—not a personal, romantic love but a community of experi-

ence revealed in the "love that hardens into hate—that leads now when all other darken." He counsels the oppressed who are history's victims, telling them to write the new history for themselves. "Tell yourselves that the earth has food to feed you." And he urges them to fight for their freedom, if necessary, in *The Fall of the City*:

There's nothing in this world worse—
Empty belly or purse or the
Pitiful hunger of children—
Than doing the Strong Man's will!
The free will fight for their freedom.
They're free men first.

Behind his love for humanity and the land lies the poet's desire to re-establish communication without shame or terror between man and his native ground. For him nature is not the healer or teacher but simply the good earth, and he could re-create a familiar world in which men could move from birth to death with common heroism and common customs toward a mutual destiny. This is a view of the democratic tradition transcending all regional coloring, politics, or social economics, the reason for his difficult neutrality when he refuses to go into camp with the Marxists with whom he sympathizes most. He has written: "It is no longer A Man against the stars. It is Mankind: that which has happened always to all men, to the particular incidents of particular lives. The common, simple, earth-riding ways of hands and feet and flesh against the enormous mysteries of sun and moon, of time, of disappearance-and-their-place-knowing-them-no-more. The salt-sweating, robust, passionate, and at the last death-devoured lives of all men always. Man in the invisible sea of time that drowns him. Man in the sun, on the earth, under the branches—and, as he breathes, time sweeping him away."

Archibald MacLeish is a spokesman of the modern age, and, I believe, the most challenging poet in America today. From him the poetry of nameless men of anonymous generations, not a poetry of collective dialectics but a literature of beliefs and emotions that form an enduring pattern of human life.

On the side of technical experiment he is equally important. The subtlety and beauty of his diction is the result of patient discipline

in the practice of his craft. He has achieved a complete individualization of language to express new levels of thought and emotion in his use of the compact, sinewy line, a cumulative effect of imagery, and suspended overtones of sound gained by rhyming final accented syllables. He has attempted also a rehabilitation of language in the Anglo-Saxon tradition—what he has called the “hard iron of English”—by which the likeness of the word carries the weight of its meaning and the names of things create their own image-shadows. His preference for Anglo-Saxon words, a realistic imagery, and the clipped, alliterative ancestral speech was carried to its logical development in *Conquistador*, where it gives a richness of imagination and poetic invention to the assonance echoes of a terza rima line that the poet has made effectively his own.

In *Panic* he made another departure in the technique of dramatic poetry. Recently the stage has been changing from realism toward a poetic imagery to express complex passions and ideas, but Elizabethan blank verse has not proved a suitable vehicle for the nervous, excited rhythms of American speech. For his purpose he used trochaic and dactylic measures in which the rhythm falls from a stressed syllable. The result is an idiomatic structure that holds the vitality of a spoken language within the sharpness of its accent. These measures he employed again in *The Fall of the City* and *Air Raid*. The value of technical experiment in these plays lies in his attempt to make the radio a stage for verse by means of the spoken word alone. He believes that the radio is especially adapted to the needs of the poet because its mechanical effects are entirely those of sound. There are no actors to watch, no settings, no other visual devices of stage drama. There is only the spoken word to dress the stage, bring on the actors, carry the meaning of the lines; and this drama of word-interest has always been within the special province of poetry. An even greater aid is the character of the announcer himself. He is the most effective device for interpretation and comment that writers have had since the chorus of Greek drama, a modern dramatic image that provides a classic order of suspense.

Archibald MacLeish has created a renewal of technique in his search toward a modern manner of communication, and for this purpose he has brought to hand the speech arts of the radio and the

talking film. *Land of the Free* is made more effective by the fact that the pictures present a camera record of American life, while the lines of the poem itself are an accompanying sound track of meaning and purpose. Not the least of his services to poetry is his attempt to adapt its language and imagery to the modern arts of sound.

His public interests are reflected in his own life as in his poetry. His recent appointment as Librarian of Congress marks still another direction in his distinguished career as a scholar, editor, journalist, and poet.

Certainly he is one of the few contemporary poets in whose work there is evidence of progress, for he has turned from minor, derivative themes, like the nostalgia of old loves, early times, other places, the hard lot of the poet in exile, to the subjects of great verse, praise of the land and the difficult histories of men. The public speech of his later poems, a recognition of the needs of common life and habits and feelings of common men, resolves a personal conflict into the anonymous artistry of action. He reaffirms the idea of human freedom in poetry that belongs to our country and our times.

A SOCIOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE EARLY RENAISSANCE IN FLORENCE*

HANS BARON

EACH GENERATION of historians owns a magic wand, whose touch opens the past more readily to them, than other methods of approach could do. The magic wand of present-day historical research is sociological interpretation. The well-known theory which regards the development of the spirit as an expression merely of economic and social conditions presents an extremist conclusion from experience that may be said to be common to the historians of today. Intellectual life, we have learned, cannot be interpreted as an isolated process. Its full scope can be conceived only if an attempt is made to recall to mind the impressions which economic order and political events in a given age were bound to make on the human mind.

Sociological direction of historical research has deeply changed our interest in the age of humanism and the Renaissance. Once humanism is no longer regarded as a movement merely of reform in scholarship and education, new aspects of humanistic thought come to the fore. Moreover, if high-light is focused on the economic and political factors from which humanists drew their experience of life, perspective in economic and political history as well will be transformed.

I

Economic facts, one might at first think, speak for themselves and may be used, just as they stand, as a background for our picture. Yet many old established concepts as to the contribution of the Renaissance to economic life have proved defective.

The coming of great merchants and bankers—the patrons of humanism and the arts—was long regarded as the most suitable stand-

* An abstract of lectures given at Duke University, the University of North Carolina, Columbia (Casa Italiana), Yale, Johns Hopkins, and George Washington University (Washington, D. C.), and at the universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, and Iowa (Iowa City). Some of the original research on which these lectures are based has been presented in the publications quoted in the notes. The rest will shortly be published in American historical reviews.

ard for differentiating the society of the Renaissance from that of the Middle Ages. But recently we have been shown that large-scale trade and an international banking system were already in full swing in the feudal age. Merchant-trading at the height of the Middle Ages was not limited to a few luxuries, but comprised a much larger volume of economic goods than scholars realized a few decades ago. For centuries merchant-traders and bankers, by charging money interest and aiming at limitless acquisition, had been a disintegrating element in the medieval world. As to this aspect, humanists in the fifteenth century were not confronted with conditions essentially new and different from those of the preceding generations.

Moreover, Florentine commerce began to decline after the middle of the fourteenth century; there was no steady growth of the merchant's range in Renaissance Florence. Literary attention paid to economic activities by Florentine humanists was by no means centered in the praise of commerce or even of the banker's profession. Justification of money interest, as is well known, never made headway in the Italian Renaissance.

In many respects, therefore, the problem of the economic background of humanistic thought is open to discussion. The vital question is: Were merely old traditions carried on or were new sectors of economic life developed by the Renaissance and added to the medieval basis? Only a glance at the conditions of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries can provide the answer.

Recent research in medieval economic history has led to surprising discoveries not only concerning the volume, but also concerning the strange, unique structure of medieval merchant-trade and finance. The great Italian trader of the thirteenth century, who at first sight appears to have been the direct ancestor of the modern merchant and banker, was in fact a typical product of the feudal age. Commerce and trade had provided only the first source of the great medieval fortunes. The activities, however, which raised the merchant-trader to a dizzy height and gave him power and fabulous wealth, were *financial* transactions carried on with the help of the original commercial capital. One could not call these dealings *banking* activities in the modern sense. They were usury on the largest

scale—usury of the dreadful type, which the theory of the medieval schoolmen stigmatized.

This usury arose from the permanent incongruity between income and expenditure, which was characteristic of the later feudal centuries, threatening small knights and clerics as well as kings and the Pope. While money-economy advanced and caused financial requirements to rise, the revenues of the feudal landowners remained at their fixed traditional level. The merchant-trader, who could lend money in cash in the hour of need, was therefore in a unique position. He was enabled to make exorbitant demands, and if the feudal mortgagor could not repay his debts in time (and it was in the nature of the matter that he generally could not), part of his land was seized by his financier. When the debtor was a prince or king, he had to mortgage customs duties and taxes or to grant monopolies, out of which his lenders could repay themselves. In this way the most successful of the medieval financiers practically dominated whole kingdoms, attaining to a position which might best be compared with the exceptional privileges of European trading companies in backward oversea countries during the first colonial period. They held a position which was neither that of a mere merchant nor that of a mere banker in the modern sense, but which one might define as the position of a *feudal financier*.

The most typical and most successful of all were the Florentines, who at this early date laid the foundations for the prosperity of Florence in the Renaissance. About 1200 they began to lend out their still modest commercial capital to the secular and clerical feudal lords in their district. By means of penalties to be paid if the money could not be refunded in time, interest amounting to 33½ per cent was raised. In the end the Florentine merchants took over a considerable portion of the feudal estates. With these landed estates as the basis for an increased credit, the Florentines, like the traders of other Italian towns, became bankers of the Papal Church, and in the service of the Church they went to all parts of Europe, particularly to England—the unrivaled producer of first-class wool in medieval Europe and still an agricultural country struggling to pay large money subsidies to the Popes in Italy for their great fight against the Hohenstaufen emperors.

The loan of Florentine merchant capital to feudal lords, who could not be expected to repay their debts in a normal way, was then repeated on a gigantic scale. We hear of "penal interest" up to 60 per cent, which the king of England had to pay. The mortgage given to the foreign lenders was, above all, control of the export of English wool. Since the workshops in Florence were not yet able to make full use of this precious material, it was sent chiefly to Flanders to be manufactured, while Florence limited herself to a finishing process for the best qualities.

The leading social group of medieval Florence, the *Arte di Calimala*, rested completely on these foundations. It is difficult to classify economically the hundred great firms which composed this gild. Each of them linked up importation and exportation of cloth with woolen manufacture and banking. But the main source of the dominant position of the Calimala firms was neither their industrial activity (restricted as it was to the refinement of imported cloth) nor the cloth trade itself. The main source of Calimala influence was the enormous financial business carried on with the capital originally derived from trade. It was a business that flourished wherever foreign money was able to exploit backward conditions in Europe. In England, as in Naples, Sicily and, in part, in France, the Florentine Calimala firms, as further compensations for their loans, added to their export privileges: the collection of public and feudal revenues, which promised high profits in financially strong hands; the exploitation of salt-mines, the administration of the royal mint, control of seaport-customs duties and of taxes. Italian merchants even held high positions at many courts and acted abroad as ambassadors of foreign kings.

The lesson which one can learn from this structure of medieval merchant-trade seems clear. Despite its importance for the stimulation of large-scale commerce, the financial capitalism of the thirteenth century was an anomaly and not a factor capable of transforming life and thought in a lasting way.

Socially, indeed, the great financiers of the thirteenth century remained a separate group, between bourgeois society and the feudal circles. At a time when the general standard of life in the towns was still extremely modest, the Florentine Calimala merchants pos-

sessed the castles they had taken over from their feudal lords. They were familiar with princes and dwelt in town-houses of princely splendor, which surpassed that of the town-hall and other public buildings. Without much difficulty these merchant princes adapted themselves to the manners and customs of the old urban nobility, with whom they shared the power in the state. Forming, as they did, a foreign body in the noble feudal world and yet living at its expense, they were not the potential bearers of a new outlook on economic life.

Moreover, the historical futility of this medieval plutocracy soon became obvious. The first half of the fourteenth century witnessed the financial downfall of nearly all of the great Calimala firms. In the forty years between 1307 and 1346, in England, Flanders, France, and Naples, there was an uninterrupted series of popular revolts against the foreign profiteers—destruction of their houses, expulsion of their agents by the governments, suspension of payments on the part of the authorities concerned, real or alleged insolvency of the royal exchequers, and in the end the bankruptcy of the Florentine firms. Their monopoly of economic resources and political positions had been resented everywhere as soon as home economy and national feeling had sufficiently matured. In all the Western countries national economic history began with the liquidation of the ephemeral episode of the medieval haute-finance.

For Florence, however, the downfall of her international finance did not mean the end. On the contrary, this catastrophe facilitated a new economic and social evolution—the very evolution that created the society of the Florentine Renaissance.

Florence, in fact, had never contented herself with the small volume of manufacture that had been allotted to her in the finishing industries of the Calimala. In the shadow of the Calimala firms an independent woolen industry had grown up, which not only finished foreign-made goods, but was engaged in the whole procedure of cloth-making—from the raw wool to the finished cloth. While the trade of the Calimala supported only a comparatively small number of citizens and many of their commercial agents lived permanently abroad, the activities of the woolen gild gave work to many more hands throughout the population.

These differences in the sphere of social influence between the two leading gilds are evident in statistics drawn up at a time when the firms of the Calimala had not yet suffered the severest shocks. In 1338, we hear, the *Arte di Calimala* imported more than 10,000 lengths of precious cloth from the countries north of the Alps for finishing and sale at home, and also some quantity of cloth to be resold abroad. But at the same time the *Arte della lana*, the woolen gild, manufactured no less than 70,000 or even 80,000 lengths of lesser qualities, so that their workshops, numbering about two hundred, provided occupation to at least one third of the inhabitants of the city.

These figures, however incomplete they may be, give a first idea of the deep-rooted sociological changes that preceded the Florentine Renaissance. Under the surface of medieval world-finance a prelude to industrial revolution had developed, an economic transformation which was affecting the whole of social life on the threshold of the Renaissance.

In Dante's *Divina Commedia* a violent reaction against this economic and social revolution can be observed. The poet, the son of an old and noble Florentine family, is typical of the time of transition with his complaints of a new spirit of acquisitiveness in Florence. When he wrote his poem, shortly after 1300, a whole century had elapsed in which Florentine money-changers, bankers, and Calimala merchants had been filled with the spirit of commerce and economic acquisition. But as long as it had been a question of only the comparatively small group of Calimala merchants, the nobility had put up with them. Members of the old families had taken part in commercial enterprises and the merchants had adapted themselves to the mode of life of the nobility. The new industrial merchant class of the woolen gild, whose interests were bound up with those of the majority of the population, was socially much more consistent than the Calimala group and had an outlook on life more independent of the traditions of the feudal world. Dante despised this new outlook, and yet it was at the root of all later developments in Renaissance Florence.

There had, of course, been manufacture in Florence before the first half of the fourteenth century and, on the other hand, banking

and large-scale commerce continued to play their part in Florence, as is sufficiently shown by the rise of the banking house of the Medici. The predominance of the Medicean family in the fifteenth century was, however, due to the very fact that their economic position in the city was unique. Except for the Alberti, the Medici were the only old banking and merchant family to survive the catastrophes of the fourteenth century. Before Cosimo de' Medici attained to a tyrannical position after 1434, the family had politically kept in the background and left the guidance of the state to an oligarchy which centered around the leaders of the woolen gild. Raised to power, the new rulers encouraged a new industry, the manufacture of silk, which in part replaced the woolen manufacture from the middle of the fifteenth century onwards. Thus they maintained the industrial basis, which was indispensable for Renaissance Florence, without strengthening that branch of industry which had been the nerve-center of economic activities and civic outlook during the last century of the Florentine republic.

Medicean ascendancy, we see, does not belie the assertion that the center of gravity in economic life and outlook had shifted. Down to Dante's time nobles together with feudal financiers had been at the helm of the state. From the middle of the fourteenth century onwards the woolen gild replaced in influence the bankers and the Calimala merchants and ruled the state, down to the Medicean principate, according to the views of the textile industry. To put it in a nutshell: merchants and bankers in the thirteenth century had lived on the edge of the feudal world; in fifteenth-century Florence they lived on the edge of an industrial society. It was this growth of industrial interests in the state which primarily was to determine the economic ideas of the Florentine Renaissance.

Industrial society, in contrast to the static ease of a feudal age, is always apt to think of economic progress, productive work, and ceaseless labor as values in themselves—as moral values, because they promote human energies. In fifteenth-century Florence this tendency was accelerated by *political conditions*.

The growth of industrialism in textile manufacture did not remain restricted to one single town. Woolen manufacture was spreading throughout many parts of Italy and over all Western European

countries. The same rise of nationalism in economic life, which had caused the downfall of Florentine world finance in England, France and Naples, forced Florence into keen and ceaseless competition in the field of industry. After the end of the fourteenth century only a well-considered state policy and systematized economy were able to maintain healthy conditions in Florentine manufacture. Whenever exports into one country were lost public measures on a large scale had to provide for an outlet in other lands, or even on other continents. As the obvious concern of the whole community, industrial labor, in the eyes of Florentine citizens and humanists, gained a dignity previously unknown.

Now all these factors—the rise of industrial society, protection of manufacture, and the growing attention paid to progressive labor—were among the potent forces which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the period of *mercantilism*, gave the final blow to the decaying medieval world. All these forces, though in a lesser degree, were already at work in the Florence of the fifteenth century. Thus the economic outlook of the Florentine Renaissance became what one might term the first approach to a mercantilist attitude.

Only a concentrated effort of the community, we have said, could make amends for the grave losses of Florentine trade in Western Europe. Florence, until 1400 an inland city, procured for herself an outlet to the Mediterranean by conquering Pisa in 1406 and purchasing the port of Livorno in 1421. As Pisa's successor she developed a surprising and extensive naval policy. A naval office was founded (the board of the *Consoli del mare*), naval forces were fitted out, and a regular commercial boat service was instituted under state control, in order to bring home the vitally necessary English wool in Florentine vessels, and to build up new commercial positions in the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

The methods hitherto employed by the older maritime powers in Italy were now applied to the needs of a thoroughly industrialized city. When after 1421 a naval department was founded, the new authorities were commissioned to investigate in order to find out whether fresh branches of industry and craftsmanship should be introduced into Florence. As a result of this inquiry the *Consoli del mare* made proposals of an entirely mercantilist nature, saying that it would

be a benefit to Florence to manufacture at home all the articles which were being imported at great expense from abroad. If stimulation through prohibitive customs-duties induced people in Florence to engage in these new arts, many paupers in Florentine territory would find work. When in the second half of the century manufacture of Perpignan cloth, an article which had formerly been continually imported, had advanced so far that all further imports could be prohibited, it was regarded as a point of honor for the city that this industrial technique should be mastered by Florentine artisans. "It would damage the honor and reputation of the Florentine industry," said an official proclamation, "if it should become known that in Florence there was not sufficient enterprise" to compete with other industrial cities in this field.

One sees from these examples how easily practical aims developed into something like a moral maxim. Provision of work for as many hands as possible and the training of the population in the crafts were appreciated as an increase of the "honor" of the city and were at the same time recommended as a medicine to cure poverty and idleness. When in 1458 a new state fleet was fitted out for the Eastern Mediterranean, the reason given was that the government could do nothing better for the "exaltation" of Florence than to give her merchants and young citizens an outlet to practice their ability and her poor a chance to live on their own skill and not on charity. "For alms," thus reads the government's decree, "may give relief for a certain time, in the end they deteriorate men by making them lazy and disinclined to work."

An episode, taken from a source of the second half of the century, shows us how deeply such convictions were already rooted. A Florentine citizen, who had been sent as a governor into a small backward mountain town full of strife, gambling and idleness, decided in his mind that he could make these people useful citizens and loyal subjects of Florence only if he succeeded in inducing them to take up regular work. He then drew up a list of all the inhabitants, and whenever he found one of them living without occupation, he told him of the dangers of idleness for body, soul, and possessions, and of the advantages resulting from methodical occupation. Thus he induced the idlers to give up gambling and to do useful work—in

the woolen manufacture or in some other craft. In the end the former seat of unrest was devoting itself to strenuous labor, and its Florentine adviser was revered as a benefactor.

II

It is a *humanistic* source which has handed down to us this delightful story. This leads us to ask: Were there in humanism dispositions which were congenial to such tendencies of economic life—characteristics that we can disclose against the background which we have explored?

To be sure, it was not the learned lore of classical scholarship which could give humanism such affinity. The economic teachings of antiquity, as they were reproduced in humanistic writings, suggested but little to the modern mind. There was, however, in humanism a tendency which was to destroy the very basis of medieval psychology and ethics.¹ Medieval economists had held a *static* view of economic life. They had considered that man in this world was destined to fill his special station and not to desire more nor to disturb the eternal order of things. This static view of human work in the economic sphere had been closely bound up with the medieval ideas of culture and the limits placed upon human aspiration on earth. The dignity of philosophy, Dante had thought, derived from the fact that intellectual activity "comes to an end at a fixed point," giving rest to the human mind in the possession of full wisdom and the peaceful contemplation of the divine.

Petrarch, the humanist, had quite a different psychological experience, half a century later. To Petrarch, in opposition to all medieval teaching, the nature of true learning was unlimited progress of the mind—a boundless thirst for knowledge. Acquisition, he said, remembering a saying of his admired Seneca, should have its fixed limits. In culture and learning, however, a man who thinks he has already reached the goal "would become inactive, and inaction would mean retrogression; a scholar can never put an end to reading and thinking or seal up his memory as if it were a treasure—like a rich merchant who after the end of his voyage keeps his wealth at home."

¹ For a detailed analysis of other aspects of this tendency cf. this writer's study on "Franciscan Poverty and Civic Wealth as Factors in the Rise of Humanistic Thought," *Speculum*, XIII, 1-37 (1938).

For it is in the nature of man's memory, insisted Petrarch, that, "if he does not always add to it, he will one day find it hollow and empty." Study, therefore, must rightly be limitless and "learning must not cease till the last day of life."

Methodical use of one's time, the smallest particle of which must not be lost—this, then, became the pedagogical advice which Petrarch suggested to his followers. The reader of his intimate letters sees the old man sometimes awakening with a start, remembering the boundlessness of his intellectual tasks and the brevity of life. Then, by night, he rushes into his study. For long, he says, he has accustomed himself to this arrangement of his time: six hours have proved sufficient for sleep, two for the other exigencies of life; all the rest of the time should be devoted to work and to the mind's activity.

A few decades after Petrarch's death humanism became the intellectual atmosphere of the civic world of Florence. The same businessmen, manufacturers and merchants, who saw how the great effort to promote industrial activity was laying a new foundation for Florentine greatness, had been brought up in Petrarch's humanistic ideas. In this milieu the tendencies of economic life and humanistic culture met half-way—in much the same manner as economic life and religion were to meet half-way in England after the Reformation. The claims that man should indeed wish for more than to fill his traditional station, that he should be a miser of his time and contemplate his life in the light of continuous progress and unlimited activity—these claims seemed to the men of the Renaissance a cultural as well as an economic need.

In the very first generation after Petrarch, a Florentine humanist said that, even if man has no absolute power over anything else in life, *time* is his safe possession. Another recommended that clocks should be placed in the libraries to remind scholars of the passing of the precious time.

A generation later, when members of merchant families began to take active part in literature, this humanistic trend of thought blended with the new economic outlook on life. Leon Battista Alberti, in his famous dialogues *On the Family*, praises the fine spectacle of a man, who has made his fortune and independent position and yet does not renounce activity, but desires always to continue

his productive work. Alberti's contemporary, the Florentine merchant Gianozzo Manetti, is described in a coeval source as the very model of a man who knows how to make a right use of his time. In his youth Manetti had obeyed the humanistic doctrine that the student should improve his mind ceaselessly so well indeed that he had grudged himself the time for eating and sleeping until he was in danger of becoming consumptive. Later on, we are told, when he was busy both in the service of the republic and his own commercial affairs, "he always esteemed time highly and never lost an hour in the midst of much private business and many activities for the state." He then knew how to adapt the humanistic warning against waste of time to a merchant's mode of thought. Paraphrasing the parable from the Gospels, he used to compare God, who has given man the gift of time, with the manager of a business firm, who has entrusted his cashier with a fixed sum of money and expects him to give an exact account of every penny. "In the same way Almighty God, when man departs from this life, will ask him how the time He gave him has been spent, down to the smallest fraction of a minute. Making allowance for the time man needs for sleeping and eating, God will then examine the use he has made of the rest of his life, the years, months, days, hours, nay every second."

III

When all is said about the fifteenth century, *political* impressions may have been even more important for the formation of humanistic thought than was experience in the economic sphere. Again, however, some familiar accents in our conception of the Renaissance must be displaced, before the role of the political factor for the humanistic mind can be discerned.

The meaning of the Italian Renaissance for political history has often been summarized in the simple concept that Despotism or Tyranny (*Signory* according to the legal language of the time) replaced the free, republican city-state of medieval Italy. Actually, however, this clear-cut formula blinds us to some of the most vital political events in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. The dominating political experience of Florentine citizens and humanists about 1400 was the fact that Florence, side by side with Venice,

had not yet succumbed to tyranny, that both of them felt themselves to be the last important heirs of that civic freedom which had been characteristic of Italian civilization during the Middle Ages. But Tyranny, still jealously suppressed at home, was threatening the two republics from outside.

The evolution of Renaissance Tyranny had, in fact, not stopped with the erection of despotic *signories* in individual cities. During the second half of the fourteenth century the most powerful of all the tyrannies, the Duchy of the Visconti family in Milan, had subdued most of the smaller North Italian states. About 1400 it moved in quick advance against the central Italian cities.

Between the middle of the fourteenth and the middle of the fifteenth centuries, the meteoric rise of the Visconti power of Milan seemed irresistible. It was the echo in Italy of a general European tendency. At the same time France and Germany saw a similar overwhelming rise of a dynamic monarchic power, economically highly developed, in their borderlands. The Burgundian monarchy expanded from the Netherlands to Switzerland and became strong enough to rival the royal house of France. In Bohemia there arose the German Czeck kingdom of Charles IV, which for a time seemed to embrace the whole of Eastern Germany. In Italy a similar prospect of unification was opened up under Viscontean rule. The administrative reforms and technical innovations, with which absolutism was accelerating national development in so many European countries, seemed also to be attainable for Italy, as measures of a unifying monarchy. In the Milanese provinces well-considered financial and economic reforms broke down the petty isolation of the individual cities. The Valley of the Po offered the best of conditions for the first modern system of canals and roads in Europe.

Moreover, a deep-rooted desire for national unity throughout Italy paved the way for Milanese expansion. No less a man than Petrarch had been an early exponent of this national sentiment. In spite of all his admiration for the ancient Roman Republic, Petrarch had said, the Italy of his day, in her moral enervation after so many internal struggles, needed the strong arm of a single king. Such sentiments were grist to the Milanese mill. About 1400 the propaganda of the Visconti had caused their policy of expansion to be

acclaimed in wide circles. Aggression and acts of violence were looked upon as an inevitable sacrifice for the creation of a national Italian monarchy.

What the Milanese propaganda did not say was that absolutism and despotic rule were in strong contradiction to the previous political and intellectual development of Italy. From the early days of antiquity the pivot of Italian life had been: civic freedom, active participation of the citizens in their government, and local autonomy of the individual towns and districts. Even the ancient Roman Empire had been based on far-reaching self-administration and local patriotism in the provincial cities. The medieval revival of Italy after the year 1000 was accompanied by a re-awakening of that civic freedom, while in the rest of Europe feudalism still reigned supreme.

It is true, the absolute monarchies in the Renaissance could claim that they were a modern and progressive element and remedying many defects of the previous local decentralization. Wherever in medieval Italy one small city-state had fallen under the rule of another, the citizens of the subjected town had not become members of a new and larger state, but had lost their sovereignty in foreign and military politics to the citizens of the dominant city. In the new monarchy of Milan (her political pamphleteers could boast) the citizens of the capital and the conquered cities were legally in one and the same position. Yet, to tell the truth, this equality was more of a negative than of a positive nature. All the inhabitants of the Viscontean territory were equal because they all became mere subjects, and none of them remained active, politically minded citizens.

The cities which were subject to Florentine or Venetian rule were limited in their rights. But within these limitations much was done to stimulate the free initiative of the inhabitants in their municipal affairs. For the free citizens of the dominant cities did not believe that the subjected towns would ever be resigned to their position unless they retained the greatest possible degree of self-administration.

In contrast to this system of local autonomy, the Viscontean monarchy made the municipal institutions of her subjected cities void of any real importance. The foundation on which the Viscontean state was built up was a central bureaucracy which supervised the whole of the political and economic activity of every city and merely carried

out the will of the one lord in Milan. The motto of Louis XIV—*L'État c'est moi*—was fully foreshadowed in the Viscontean tyranny. The Duke was so completely identified with the State that the whole structure broke to pieces more than once when death removed the dominant figure of the ruling lord.

It was, then, a decisive and dramatic hour in the history of the Italian Renaissance, when civic liberty seemed to be falling a prey to this Viscontean power, not only in northern but also in central Italy. What Florence was defending was the medieval tradition of the Italian city-state as well as the heritage of the ancient civic spirit. The Florentine citizens became aware of this twofold mission. From their practical struggle of the day there emerged a regeneration of their political thought and moral outlook.

We cannot, of course, narrate the events of this war, or rather series of wars, which kept Florence, and also Venice at a later stage, under almost continual strain, throughout two generations. When lasting peace was restored about the middle of the fifteenth century, a permanent political balance was achieved between the Milanese Tyranny and her two civic neighbors. The *political* success in the long struggle had been due chiefly to Venice, whose patricians at that time built up their continental state throughout the eastern part of the plain of the Po. The greatest triumph of Florence was in the *intellectual* sphere. Humanistic philosophy and morals, historical outlook, and political thought had been transformed in Florence in the long time of trial. The Florentine citizens and humanists had rediscovered the world of the ancient city-state from the experience of their own civic life. They had revived the intellectual realm of the Greek *Polis* and the Roman *Respublica* to help them in the struggle for their own civic liberty.

It is one of the most appealing tasks in the field of Renaissance studies to follow up this remoulding of historical outlook and moral attitude, as they grew out of the political experience of the day.²

² The following publications by the present writer attempt to analyze this transformation of humanism in Florence under the influence of the wars of independence against the Milanese tyranny. For the field of humanistic ethics: "La Rinascita dell' Etica Statale Romana nell' Umanesimo Fiorentino," *Civiltà Moderna* (Florence), VII, 21-49 (1935), and "The Historical Background of the Florentine Renaissance," *History* (London), N.S., XXII, 315-327 (1938), also in an Italian translation with supplements from source material in the notes under the title "Lo

Milanese propaganda had claimed that the Visconti state would build up a new Italian kingdom, in order to restore the unity which the peninsula had enjoyed under the Roman Empire. The answer of the Florentines was an epochmaking discovery in the field of the Roman past—the discovery of the historic importance of municipal freedom and civic activity for the life of antiquity and the building up of the Roman Empire.

A hundred years before, Dante had described the whole history of the Roman Republic as a mere preparation for the universal monarchy of the emperors, as a creation not of civic energy, but of God's supernatural Providence. The medieval view down to Dante's day had only ascertained the fact that the existence of the universal Empire of Rome was the condition for the spreading of Christianity all over the world. In his famous book on *Monarchia* Dante had asserted that the self-sacrificing public spirit of the Roman citizens in the time of the republic had *transcended* human power. Such super-human energies had not been an expression of civic virtue, but a divine miracle, which was to teach all nations and cities in the world that opposition to the universal empire of Rome was sacrilegious.

Undoubtedly, these views of medieval universalism were fatal to any desire of individual cities for their autonomy. For this very reason the Milanese humanists clung to the historical outlook of the Middle Ages. The Florentines, on the other hand, if they wanted to defend their cause in Italy, were forced to dissolve and refute the medieval belief in the necessity of a universal monarchy and the super-historical role of the Roman Empire.

For many centuries a host of schoolmen and political writers had been accustomed to argue in the following way. Just as there is one God in heaven, so the Monarchy, and especially the universal Monarchy, must be considered the perfect form of government on earth.

Sfondo Storico del Rinascimento Fiorentino," *La Rinascita* (Florence), I, 50-72 (1938). For the transformation of historical thought: "Das Erwachen des historischen Denkens im Humanismus des Quattrocento," *Historische Zeitschrift*, CXLVII, 5-20 (1932), and "La Rinascita dell' Etica Statale," *loc. cit.*, pp. 41-49. For the role of Leonardo Bruni Aretino as the leading intellect in the development of a civic humanism in Florence after 1400: the Introduction to this writer's edition of *Leonardo Bruni Aretino, Humanistisch-philosophische Schriften* (Leipzig, 1928), pp. xi-xxv, and the note on Bruni's personal relations with the ruling circle during the Milanese wars, in "Lo Sfondo Storico," *loc. cit.*, p. 56.

Now, as a result of political experience in the Italian city-state, there arose a new political standard and, consequently, a new historical point of view. "It is Nature's gift to mortals"—thus the Florentine chancellor and historian, Leonardo Bruni Aretino, expressed this experience of civic life—"that, where the path to greatness and honor is open, men easily rise, but where that path is closed, they remain idle and earth-bound. . . . Wherever men are given the hope of attaining honor in the state, their minds aspire and rise to a higher plane; wherever they are deprived of this hope, they grow idle and their strength fails."

This standard suddenly changed the historical perspective of the ancient and medieval Roman Empire. Had the Universal Monarchy not replaced the free Roman Republic and brought the countries of the Roman world under despotic rule? The scholastic comparison of the earthly Monarchy with the Monarchy of God was superseded by what one might call a civic psychology of freedom. With Bruni, many Florentine humanists declared that monarchism as well as universalism was the destroyer of that civic freedom and initiative on which the ancient city-state had rested in early Roman times. For Rome herself, they said, the coming of the emperors had brought about the end of the devastating civil wars, but at the same time it meant gradual elimination of the very citizens who hitherto had been the bearers of the public spirit. Everywhere in the vast empire the concentration of political power and initiative in one single hand and in one capital of the world corroded the vitality of the people. Before the Roman domination Italy had been full of independent life in every province; the whole peninsula had been covered with flourishing cities. The rise of Rome, although it caused Italy's supremacy in the world, destroyed this old abundance of life. "Just as high trees are in the way of smaller plants," one reads in Bruni's *History of the Florentine People*, "and do not allow them to grow very high, so the predominance of Rome pressed heavily upon the neighbouring lands and no longer allowed any other town in Italy to rise. Even the towns which had been very great before lost their strength and declined. . . . By absorbing every efficient mind in Italy, Rome caused the other Italian towns to wither." Italian strength and culture were not regenerated until the revival of civic freedom and urban society

in the medieval cities—until the coming of that civic world which the Florentine citizens were now defending against a new unifying absolutism.

The traces of party-feeling and a transient political situation are obvious enough in this new humanistic interpretation of the past. Yet one is faced here with the first modern conception of historical evolution as a natural growth—faced with the overthrow of the medieval idea of a universal Empire as willed by God and built up by the Roman emperors never to pass away.

It is this very relationship between the actual political position of Florence and the formation of a new outlook on history, which explains the unique role of Florentine humanism in the evolution of historical thought.

IV

What took place in the development of historical interpretation and political ideas was paralleled, in Florence, in the development of the moral attitude to life. This, too, was reshaped in the mould of civic experience.

Humanists in the fourteenth century had still been as medieval in their moral attitude as they had been in their historical conceptions. Petrarch's humanism had had monastic features and had been deeply influenced by the mendicant friars. Although avoiding the example of his brother, who became a monk, Petrarch saw his solitary studious life in country surroundings as something like a secular counterpart of monastic flight from social contacts. All the elements of a civic life—marriage and family, wealth and industry, social duties and political activity—appeared to him in his humanistic solitude as ties, as dangers from which the "wise man" should keep aloof.

The inner independence of the sage—this then became the catchword of the vagrant humanists who, in the first generations after Petrarch, as teachers or secretaries, migrated from court to court, from town to town. A change began when humanism was transplanted into civic surroundings.

At first the intellectual position of the humanist in civic society was hardly different from that of the vagrant secretary and teacher. The educational influence of the mendicant friars was particularly strong among citizens. Moreover, the first men in the towns who

found sufficient leisure for humanistic interests were either people who were not fathers of families and abstained from commercial activity or citizens who had retired from public life in their old age. In former periods many of them would have entered monasteries. As the spirit of the time had become more secular, some of them preferred, in their retirement, to concentrate their minds on the classical studies. From Boccaccio to the well-known Niccolò Niccoli in the fifteenth century there was a long line of such single-minded bachelors and retired merchants in Florence. They all proclaimed that a true sage, steeped in the spirit of Petrarch's humanism, should remain unburdened by social ties. Young citizens assembled round these men, to obtain from them their intellectual education, as they assembled round learned monks in the Florentine monasteries.

Then, under the impact of the war of independence against the Viscontean tyranny, the great wave of civic pride and patriotism swept through Florence. Suddenly the intellectual atmosphere of the civic world was changed. It was no longer possible to teach young men not to take part in political activities and civic duties. Citizens with a humanistic education now discovered the civic character of ancient literature, the Roman appreciation of an active life devoted to the family and the state.

The most characteristic of these discoveries was the recognition of Cicero as a Roman citizen and thinker.³ In the minds of writers of the Middle Ages Cicero had been an advocate of aloofness from the world. For a thousand years there had been no room for his Roman doctrine that the sage is destined to play an active part in his community and state, and not to pursue mere contemplation in solitude. Petrarch, thanks to his wider knowledge of antiquity, had been the first to see the historical Cicero face to face. But he had drawn back in horror at this discovery and had bitterly accused the Roman statesman of failing in his duty as a true philosopher. Petrarch could not forgive Cicero for deserting a life of studious calm in order to defend the liberty of the *Respublica* after the death of Caesar.

Two generations after Petrarch the Florentine humanists cham-

³ Cf. H. Baron, "Cicero and the Roman Civic Spirit in the Middle Ages and Early Renaissance," *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester*, XXII, 72-97 (1938).

pioned the cause of the Roman statesman against these accusations. A pupil of the Florentine chancellor Coluccio Salutati declared that the doctrine professed by Cicero in his writings had always been that the life of a man "who burdens himself with work for the state and with the labors required by public welfare, was superior to any other mode of existence." To the Florentines Cicero's life appeared as the greatest realization of their new belief that a man's personality could attain perfection only on the firm basis of political activity as a citizen. When Leonardo Bruni, about 1415, wrote the first modern biography of Cicero, he extolled this Roman, because amid the business of the vastest state in the world he had made greater contributions to literature than had idle philosophers in their solitude, while, at the same time, his political work had gained added strength thanks to the wisdom acquired through his studies.

The public-spirited Roman teachings now took the lead in education and culture. An intellectual revolution against the monastic mode of thought and the unsociable attitude of early humanism arose in the civic world. The whole trend of Petrarch's humanism was transformed. Salutati and Bruni, the chancellors, openly attacked the monastic outlook as well as that of the early humanists who had favored a retired, contemplative life. Virtue, the citizen Matteo Palmieri said, must prove its worth amid the difficulties and temptations of life. "He who passes his life in solitude and is neither experienced nor skilled in important matters, in public offices, and in the business of the community, will never become just and courageous."

Perhaps the finest evidence of this intellectual revolution is the fact that the same transformation which took place in the historical conception of Cicero as a Roman citizen also took place in the conception of Dante as the greatest exponent of Florentine history and culture—of Dante, whose great poem was still in the center of all intellectual life in Florence.⁴

In the fourteenth century Dante had been evaluated from the viewpoint of the contemplative ideal of early humanism, which required the "sage" to keep aloof from the common world. Boccaccio,

⁴ Cf. the paper on "The Historical Background," *loc. cit.*, pp. 323-327, and the supplements in "Lo Sfondò Storico," *loc. cit.*, pp. 65 ff.

the author of the first biography of Dante, had interpreted his unhappy fate as that of a philosopher who, in the civic atmosphere of Florence, forgot "what obstacles to a studious life women are." For Dante, Boccaccio said, forfeited his independence as a literary man through marriage and acceptance of high civic posts. He was thus drawn into the whirlpool of domestic and public cares which caused his banishment from Florence and destroyed his life.

In the Florence of the Milanese wars a new Dante, seen through the eyes of politically minded citizens, displaced this fourteenth-century conception of the philosopher caught in the toils of marriage and politics. Again it was Chancellor Bruni who created this new figure. Comparing Dante with Petrarch, Bruni described it as the weak point in Petrarch's personality that he had lived only to himself. With this father of scholarly humanism Bruni contrasted Dante who, in his youth, exerted himself in the government of his native city and proved his courage in her defense in the citizen army. The fact that Dante was also a true citizen in not being afraid of marriage, casts no shadow upon him, but proves that even great minds need not despise civic duties. Were not the greatest philosophers, Socrates and Aristotle as well as Cicero, Cato, Seneca, and Varro, fathers of families and did they not serve their state? "Man is a being made for civic life (an *animale civile*), in the opinion of all the philosophers. The first union, the germ-cell of the state, is the union of husband and wife." Even humanistic culture, states Bruni, will reach perfection only in close contact with the life of the family and the community. When Dante, the young citizen, returned from fighting in the war, "he applied himself to his studies with greater zeal than ever. But he did not neglect intercourse with his fellow-citizens," nay "nobody would have gained the impression that he was studying."

"And here," concludes the Florentine chancellor, turning from the impression of Dante's life to his own fellow-citizens, "I must rectify the mistake made by many ignorant people. They believe that nobody is a student who does not bury himself in solitude and leisure. Among the stay-at-homes, withdrawn from human society, I have never seen one who could count up to three. A lofty and distinguished mind does not need such fetters. . . . To stand aside

from social intercourse, is characteristic of those whose inferior minds are incapable of understanding anything."

The civic spirit of fifteenth-century Florence could not have found more characteristic expression than in these words. On the other hand, not only are they evidence of civic tendencies, they also foreshadow the ideal of the complete, well-rounded personality, which was to become one of the dominating ideas of the mature Renaissance.

It is this merging of civic elements in all the fields of culture and humanistic thought, which is the revolutionary sociological event in the development of the Renaissance. If we think of the Italian Renaissance as the period of the *Signories* or the *Age of the Despots*, we reveal only one half of the truth. The other half is that Florence—and, except for Venice, Florence alone—preserved her political liberty and defended the heritage of the Italian city-state, until a mighty wave of civic spirit had transformed humanism and the medieval mind and helped to bring about the mature Renaissance.

EARLY KENTUCKY: ITS VIRGINIA HERITAGE

EUGENE M. BRADERMAN

SOME YEARS AGO Frederick Jackson Turner propounded the startling dictum that the frontier was entirely free from the influence of the European ideas and institutions which had left their mark upon the states of the Atlantic seaboard. "The men of the 'Western World,'" said he, "turned their backs upon the Atlantic Ocean, and with a grim energy and self-reliance began to build up a society free from the dominance of ancient forms." Yet studies of life and customs of the people in the states beyond the mountains have often failed to take cognizance of the full import of that thought. Nathaniel Shaler, an able historian, has said of Kentucky that "her institutions, be they good or evil, her ideals of life, her place in the nation's history, are all as immediately derived from the great mother Virginia as are an individual man's from the mother who bore him." Without accepting all the implications of Turner's statement, it is the writer's contention that the circumstances in the settlement of the region were too different to permit, as Shaler maintains, an identical adaptation by Kentucky of institutions inherited from Virginia.

Virginians themselves recognized that life in Kentucky had its own peculiar features. Many of the gentry sent their sons to Kentucky to avoid the dissipation and idleness to which they had become accustomed in Virginia. George Washington, after 1775, perceived in the territory of Kentucky a part of the state of Virginia which possessed qualities easily distinguished from those of the Tidewater region.

Those frontier forces which have become ingrained in the manners and mannerisms peculiar to Kentucky are rooted in her development through the pioneer stage to agricultural stability. Boone crossed the Alleghenies for the first time in 1769. The desire for land on the part of the colonists enabled Boone to gather together some settlers and to proceed to Kentucky, but this first attempt at settlement was not a success. In the meanwhile, James Harrod had

entered Kentucky from Pennsylvania and in 1774 had marked the site of a settlement, thus antedating Boone. One year later Boone and Henderson planted a colony at a place on the Kentucky River that they named Boonesborough.

With a succession of expeditions from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, the serious settlement of Kentucky began. The majority of Kentucky's pioneers came from Virginia. Kentucky was then a part of Virginia and was to remain under her jurisdiction until 1792. As the political and military organization of the new district evolved, a resemblance to the institutions of the parent state was apparent. The great influx of Virginians was augmented not only by the attraction of the soil, climate, and economic possibilities of Kentucky, but also by her civil administration which was similar to that of the parent state.

Yet it is grossly inaccurate to believe that Kentucky's early development is bound up solely with the enterprise of Virginians. John Finley, George Croghan, and Daniel Boone had come from Pennsylvania; Christopher Gist, from Maryland; a majority of James Harrod's party, from Pennsylvania; and the Transylvania project had its inception in North Carolina. Nor were these all of the contributions to the settlement of Kentucky which were made by pioneers from states other than Virginia. The full debt to Virginia should be acknowledged, but the infiltration of peoples from other seaboard states broadened the cultural antecedents of the existing stock and enriched Kentucky's inheritance.

Undoubtedly the most powerful influence which acted upon the character of the Virginian was the plantation system. His methods of agriculture were careless and wasteful. Year after year crops were planted upon the same spot until the soil would produce no more, and then a new field would be cleared. As each plantation sought to become a self-sufficient unit, isolation of life resulted. Isolation was also encouraged by the direct trade of the planter with the foreign merchant and the consequent discouragement of the growth of towns and villages. The plantation became the unit about which the interests of a whole family and its aides revolved. Slaves, laborers, mechanics, and skilled tradesmen were part of the vast army that made up a single large plantation.

The plebeian class in seventeenth-century Virginia was made up largely of indentured servants. They comprised the main bulk of the colony's immigrants well into the next century, but the number gradually decreased until by the Revolution their immigration had practically ceased. The plebeian class possessed sterling qualities, for otherwise it could not have endured successfully the period when its members were in the service of others. When a servant was freed, he usually turned to agriculture, for that was almost the only field open to him in the earlier period. For a long time high wages were offered him as both laborer and overseer, so that by dint of hard work and frugal living many were able to become independent farmers. Some even prospered and entered the patrician class, while others degenerated, falling into abject poverty. It was from the latter group that the poor whites of a later day were recruited.

This brief description of economic life in Virginia cannot be paralleled by conditions in Kentucky. The early settlers, though they came from slaveholding colonies, brought few Negroes into the state. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the influx of many prosperous settlers who took to plantations for profit and not for subsistence, that Kentucky's Negro population increased at a rapid rate. After 1840, however, the slave population declined rapidly.

Slavery in Kentucky was primarily domestic in nature, and the burden upon the Negro was not great. This is borne out by the fact that thousands of Negroes remained with their masters in the counties along the Ohio River when it would have been simple for them to escape across the border. Usually there was personal contact between owner and slave, and the relationship proved to be more confiding than in Virginia. Whites and blacks mingled with greater freedom within a particular household, although deference to the white was always shown by the Negro. The *Kentucky Reports* contain numerous cases involving wills, which granted freedom to slaves on condition that they go to Liberia. When a slave preferred to remain a slave, he was given to a relative of the testator. The Legislature of Kentucky, following the example of the Virginia Assembly, enacted laws compensating the captor of a runaway slave, the reward depending on the distance which he had to travel. Thus, even though

it was true that the large slaveholder was the exception rather than the rule in Kentucky, still the laws of Virginia were applied to Kentucky and those respecting the Negro were as severe as they were in the parent state. The Kentucky Constitution of 1792 provided "that all laws then in force, in the State of Virginia, not inconsistent with the Constitution, and of a general nature, and not local to the eastern part of Virginia, should be in force here, until altered or repealed by the Legislature." Many of the Virginia laws concerning slavery were adopted outright by Kentucky, as were the laws of 1705 and 1727 which held Negroes to be real estate.

Yet, despite the similarity of the laws, slavery as an institution in Kentucky differed in actual practice from that of Virginia. Only a small part of the state was fit for plantation life. Most of Kentucky's slaves were employed in the Bluegrass region where hemp growing and livestock raising made the most of the excellent limestone soils. Other plantations were to be found along the Cumberland River where some cotton and large quantities of tobacco were cultivated. Elsewhere in Kentucky slaveholdings were small. Despite the excellent quality of the soil, the climate was generally unsuited to Southern staples and small farming was more profitable than large-scale production. In addition, poor transportation facilities forced Kentucky to meet her needs more diversely than Virginia had done. The cultivation of food crops and pasturage permitted the handling of large acreage with small personnel. Here the thrift and personal care of the owner were essential in making its cultivation remunerative. Moreover, the land in Kentucky was utilized more completely than in many other parts of the South, for the woods, when cleared of underbrush, made good pastures without the felling of trees. Vital to Kentucky's economic development was the fact that small landholders settled within her borders. This element increased each year as the principle of primogeniture, which outlasted the laws that supported it in Virginia, never gained a foothold in Kentucky. As a result of the interaction of these forces the plantation system never became a dominant characteristic of Kentucky life; the state remained a farming democracy, aided by, rather than based upon chattel slavery.

Of all the states in the Union, Kentucky was most troubled by

the conflicting rights of the individual. The pioneers were squatters pure and simple. "I did not stop at the house of one inhabitant who was persuaded of the validity of his own right but what seemed dubious of his neighbour's," said François André Michaux, while traveling in Kentucky in 1801. The situation became so acute that an act was passed in 1798 "to relieve those who were ejected from lands from the hardship of paying rent for the time they had held them, while their improvements were not paid for or regarded." Though this "occupying claimant" law was later declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the "best men" of Kentucky did not acquiesce and the Appellate Court never recognized it on the ground that it was not a decision of a majority of the Supreme Court.

Moreover, the Kentucky Legislature modified the laws whenever possible, in order to alleviate the ills which were present under the existing situation. Land grants had not been made as in Virginia, squatters were more numerous, and thus the legislature by successive acts extended the time for entries for both actual and village settlements. In addition, they prolonged the time for obtaining entries, so that the squatter would have every opportunity to gain title to the land upon which he lived.

Manufacturing was important neither in Virginia nor in early Kentucky. Most prevalent was the domestic economy of the household—the spinning and weaving which usually occupied the women. Female slaves and white servants in Virginia wove coarse cloth which was made up into suits for their own kind and for small planters. The most important industries, excluding those of the household, were the growing of hemp and the milling of flour. Attempts were made to introduce salt production and silk raising. The infant iron, paper, and textile industries were encouraged, and the distillation of spirits continued apace. Having less money than the Virginians, the Kentuckians carried on their trade, for the most part, by barter.

Geography was a vital factor in the development of Kentucky. The rivers of the Tidewater pointed to the sea and to England. Kentucky not only lay far westward of the headwaters of these rivers, but was also separated from the Old Dominion proper by mountain walls and hundreds of miles of forest. She was forced to turn to the West for outlets, and river traffic on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers

became essential. Difficulties with Spain and the closing of the Mississippi for a time brought hardship to the people of Kentucky. The resulting surplus of beef, pork, flour, hemp, and tobacco had to be sold at a loss to local purchasers. The failure to take cognizance of the economic situation in Kentucky prepared fertile ground for separatist movements and antifederalism. Independent farmers, the dominant and most numerous group, demanded that the government give attention to their needs. Whereas in Virginia the majority of the people followed the leadership of the plantation owner, the Kentuckian ever labored to maintain both his political independence and economic security.

The social similarities and dissimilarities between Virginian and Kentuckian were likewise quite evident. Virginia, having been settled primarily by the English, reflected more faithfully than any other state the ideas and customs of the mother country. Although there was no order of nobility in the colony, still there was a sharp cleavage separating gentlemen from yeomen, and yeomen from the agricultural servant. Social distinctions, marked by badges and insignia, were to be found in Virginia as in England. In the colony it was custom that sanctioned social gradation; in the mother country it was the law itself. There was as much of a social chasm between wealthy citizens such as William Byrd, Nicholas Spencer, or Richard Lee, and the obscure proprietor of a neighboring farm, as there was between the English nobleman and the peasant. That the new country and its environment made for closer personal sympathy between classes is evident, but the barriers, nevertheless, were not broken down to an appreciable degree. As late as 1840 the son of a planter wrote of a Kentucky Congressman (elected governor in that year), "He was not a gentleman in our sense of the word, his father having been a bricklayer. . . ."

Kentucky's early settlers were a heterogeneous mixture of natives of England, Scotland, Holland, Ireland, Ulster, the German states, Switzerland, Wales, Scandinavia, France, Spain, and Italy, interspersed with a few Jews. Yet a homogeneous group resulted through assimilation and amalgamation, though the dominant strain was Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Class distinctions were lacking and all were equal before the only law known to the pioneers—social sanction.

The following quotation is illustrative of life in a Kentucky community in 1810:

Bardstown, the capital seat [of Nelson County], was even then the wonder town of the new West, although a village of probably not more than a thousand souls. It had not yet been sidetracked for river towns by the newfangled steamboats. It was peopled from Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, with a streak of New York and New Jersey adventurers. It seethed with keen talents in law, politics, finance, and business, and the air was filled with partisan or philosophic dreams of governmental perfection. Some had grown rich in land speculation, and everybody was tapping the riches of nature with feverish hands. Log houses were beginning to vanish, and frame and brick homes and stores were multiplying. . . . Mainly, the town was hot with law and politics. Madison was president. . . . Bardstown lawyers were ruling the roost in the West. . . .

Socially the place was a curious mixture of high-rolling, high-thinking, high-laboring, high-gambling life. There was plenty of duelling, of lordly and sensitive standards of honor and also easy conventions of duplicity. Many of the settlers had brought with them the refinements of the best social life. There were slaves to do the labor [in the later period]. The rough pioneer element was also in evidence. . . . Success there was its own diploma to be recognized anywhere.

The plantation and the system of society fostered by slavery strengthened the traits which the Virginian brought from England. The seclusion of plantation life did not encourage change, and a firm retention of English ideals was the result. Pride was therefore natural to the Virginia planter because of his command over the many individuals employed by him. No critical spirit was developed by the latter, who blindly followed his leadership. Kentucky inherited the pride of the Virginian and it has remained a dominant characteristic. Yet the Kentuckian was never servile, and always considered himself the equal of any other Kentuckian regardless of financial position. Ben Casseday, in a eulogistic description, said in 1852:

Despising alike the narrow prejudices, the suspicious reserve, the silly dignity, the proud self-gratulation of the Yankee; and the pride of birth and of purse, the ostentation of manner and the foppish pretension of the Southerner, he takes from the first his respect for talent, his patriotism and his spirit of enterprise, and from the last his genial warmth of heart,

his worship of the beautiful, his deference for the other sex, and his manly independence of heart. Add to these a bold and reckless frankness, an easy confidence, a love of adventure, a scorn of oppression, a noble intolerance of even seeming insult, and an almost criminal indifference of life when duty or honor seems to call it into peril, and you have a fair picture of the true Kentuckian.

The Virginian was loyal to almost every social characteristic of the mother country. In celebrating funerals and weddings, at large gatherings, in the courthouse, and at church—the Virginia colonists everywhere practiced the customs of England. Their amusements were the same: cardplaying, dice-throwing, betting, acting, ten-pins, and dancing. Hunting the partridge, turkey, wild waterfowl, and pigeon formed a major means of diversion. In Kentucky, the frontier again brought a change. Hunting was often essential in securing a livelihood, and animals were rarely killed for sport. The youth, lacking the aristocratic background of Virginia, learned those pastimes which were useful as well as amusing. The stately country dances, cotillions, and minuets of Virginia were unknown. Gatherings were held for the purpose of raising houses, stables, and barns, for log rolling and the opening of new roads. Horses and lawsuits were the usual topics of conversation. Profanity, vulgarity, and drinking were rife. Both the Virginian and Kentuckian loved all sports in which the horse played a leading part. "Factories might fail at Lexington but the race course thrived, attracting annual throngs and promoting familiar acquaintance of 'everybody who was anybody' throughout the fifty-mile radius of the Bluegrass bowl."

The Kentucky population evidenced a fecundity which in the first eighty years of its life assumed astounding proportions. This was probably due to their vigorous constitutions, the healthy climate, and the fact that children were an economic advantage because of the need for labor. Husband and wife in Kentucky were helpmates for each other, and they formed an economic as well as a domestic unit. Marriage lacked the conventional restrictions and artificial obstacles of a more settled civilization. Early marriages were the rule. Intimations of love led rapidly to matrimony, for a family establishment cost nothing but a little labor. Financial and social status played but a minor role in the choice of a mate. The wedding ceremony

was the scene of carousal and mirth as the entire community gathered to wish happiness to bride and groom.

The dissimilarity of the religious institutions of Virginia and Kentucky affords a striking illustration of the failure of an institution of the mother state to spread over the mountains. Religion in early Virginia was formally invested in a priesthood. Tithes were regularly levied to support the clergymen, all of whom had to adhere strictly to the canons and doctrines of the Church of England. Although most of the ministers held freeholds, some were subject to the will of their vestries through the power of the purse. In the seventeenth century schism and dissent found little favor among the social and political leaders of Virginia. Dissenting churches existed only by sufferance and the English Act of Toleration of 1689 was not definitely extended to Virginia until 1755. Yet, by 1750, communicants of the Established Church composed a decided minority of the Virginia population. Thomas Jefferson has held that by 1776 two thirds of the people were dissenters. Nevertheless, the dissenters were forced to pay tithes, and none but Episcopal clergy could perform the marriage ceremony. It was only in January, 1786, when the Virginia Legislature passed the Statute of Religious Liberty, that freedom of conscience was assured.

Hardship and privation, Indian difficulties and the pressure of life's daily tasks, relegated religious observance to an insignificant place in the routine of many of the early Kentucky settlers. Often there was no other vestige of the Christian religion than a faint observance of Sunday, and that merely as a day of rest for the aged and a play day for the young. No Established church ever regulated the religious life of the Kentuckian. Episcopalians were few, and the Church of England was regarded by some as "the persecuting ecclesiastical arm of the British government, an organized body of Arminians enlisted in the service of despotism." Since one of the dominant racial strains that settled Kentucky was the Scotch-Irish, the Presbyterian Church prior to 1800 had more adherents than any other. However, evangelical zeal and adaptation to frontier habits by the Methodists and Baptists overcame the predominance of the Presbyterians. Less stress was placed upon doctrine, more on the power of exhortation. The tenets of democracy clothed the circuit

rider who brought his messages to the people. A revivalist movement in 1801 brought a high tide in the growth of Methodist and Baptist congregations. Camp meetings were often accompanied by waves of blazing religious fervor. The fire spread rapidly, and public conversions to the Baptist and Methodist faiths became common. The reverberations were soon felt by the Presbyterian Church, which, too, attempted to adjust itself to the democratic urge and the needs of frontier life.

Large plantations, spread throughout Virginia, were not conducive to the establishment of primary or secondary schools accessible to large numbers of inhabitants. Yet, in the older divisions of the colony, and later of the state, there were numerous private schools. Several families would at times contribute to a common fund so that a private tutor for their children might be secured. Many Virginians were sent to England for their education, especially on the college level. Virginia, then, with few exceptions, was interested only in the education of the well-to-do. She retained her old aristocracy of learning as of wealth; common school education was rarely found.

In Kentucky, though the settlers were poor and usually illiterate, they were desirous of educating their children. No distinction was made either of rank or of wealth because they were not as evident as in Virginia. Neighbors often got together and erected a log house. As soon as financial circumstances permitted, they procured a teacher who usually taught reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic. Nor was higher education overlooked. Transylvania University was incorporated in 1795, though as late as 1817 it had only thirty students. It is interesting to note that Kentucky early established institutions to care for the deaf and dumb, while Virginia was entirely negligent in this regard.

The condition of the Western States in their formative years was not conducive to a rapid advance in literature, science, and the arts. Kentucky was no exception to this rule and yet she had not only orators and statesmen of the first rank, but some artists, scholars, and writers of whom she may be proud. They wrote of the struggles and life of the people in the pioneer communities. The literature reflected the activity of every stratum of society and was "a cross section of the times in which it was written." Virginia's contribution

to the cultural advancement of Kentucky was great, and the acknowledgment due her should not be minimized. It must be noted, however, that the first history of Kentucky, Filson's *Kentucke*, and her greatest song, "My Old Kentucky Home," were both written by Pennsylvanians; the first poem about Kentucky was written by David Humphreys of Connecticut. Among her early historians Humphrey Marshall and John Bradford were native Virginians, but Gilbert Imlay and William Littell came from New Jersey, and Mann Butler was a Marylander.

In early Kentucky the absence of social classes and wealth promoted a democratic spirit. Far from the restraining hand of organized law, her citizens either framed temporary legislation or took the law into their own hands. Their love for personal liberty and their support of political ideals are but two of many traits that became deeply rooted in their character. Kentuckians have always been keenly interested in politics; one might say that they were politicians by nature. The following caustic description appeared in a newspaper article: "Kentuckians are too fond of talking politics to kill off anybody who can talk on the other side—they would rather keep him to argue with. Give a Kentuckian a plug of tobacco and a political antagonist, and he will spend a comfortable day wherever he is." Despite its sarcasm and its habitual violation during elections, this statement has more than an element of truth. Yet it should not be construed as a reproach upon the intelligence of the early citizens. They were brought up to rely on their own judgment and to decide matters for themselves. Their interest in politics awakened within them a spirit of inquiry which sometimes brought them to the highest offices of the government.

Virginia, with its large estates cultivated by servile labor, was subject to few democratizing influences, and politics remained in the hands of the plantation owner. The first constitution of Kentucky, formed at Danville in April, 1791, and adopted in May, 1792, abandoned many aristocratic features of the basic law of Virginia. Instead of equal representation for all counties, representatives were apportioned among the several counties on the basis of population. In all elections for representatives, every free male citizen (Negroes, Mulattoes, and Indians excepted) of twenty-one years and over, and

resident in town or county for two years, might be an elector. There were no property qualifications for the office of senator, representative, or governor. Even the sheriffs were elected triennially by the people. The electorate of no other state had yet been founded on manhood suffrage. In Virginia, even in 1835, the suffrage was confined to freeholders.

The meeting of the Legislative Assembly in Kentucky was often noisy, and at times even sedate persons would become mirthful and even riotous. *Harper's Magazine* recounts the following incident showing that even Henry Clay was a rather wild fellow in those days:

One night, after the bottle had circulated until a late hour, the great Compromiser announced his intention of finishing off the entertainment by a grand Terpsichorean performance on the table, which he accordingly did, executing a *pas seul* from head to foot of the dining-table, sixty feet in length, amidst the loud applause of his companions, and to a crashing accompaniment of shivered glass and china; for which expensive music he next morning paid, without demur, a bill of \$120!

Another witness, who observed the Senate in session, declared: "Whatever may be the general conduct of that body, it presented at this moment, and whilst I was there, a scene of irregularity and confusion which I neither expected, nor ever before witnessed. Accustomed as I had been, to witness the orderly, solemn and Roman dignity of the Senate of Virginia, I could not but feel the force of the contrast."

Eulogies dedicated to Kentucky's love for the Union are legion. Yet it must be remembered that in her infancy most of Kentucky's citizens were antifederal. Though still a part of Virginia when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the votes of the representatives of the Kentucky of the future reveal a striking dissimilarity with the votes of the eastern section of the state. This antifederal sentiment exhibited was not peculiar to Kentucky; it was an evidence of the bond which united her with frontier settlements in other states.

As a district within the state of Virginia, Kentucky had fought the Indians and the British with scant aid from Virginia; for a decade after statehood she regarded the Federal government as an opponent

rather than a friend. A lack of understanding of the economic situation in Kentucky was responsible for the separatist movements and antifederalism which thrived in Kentucky. Though negligible to Virginia, river traffic on the Ohio and Mississippi was essential to the economic well-being of Kentucky. Both the seaboard states and the general government of the United States for a time opposed the opening of navigation on the Mississippi. Virginia and other tide-water states feared that many of their industrious citizens would emigrate to the Western settlement. Thus, in the 1790's Kentucky's citizenry was bitterly incensed at the national government for apparently neglecting its interests. Democratic societies were formed, which were definitely antifederal in spirit. During the period up to 1800, with the hegemony of the Federalists in the national government, Kentucky patriotism reached its lowest ebb. The triumph of Jeffersonian democracy in 1800 altered the situation. Kentucky's interests were now a matter of concern to the national government, and thoroughgoing love for the Union became entrenched—and was never lost.

Kentucky's political horizon was not confined to domestic affairs; she had pointed international leanings. Differing from Virginia, she had an intense hate for England. Nowhere did this antipathy rise to a higher degree than among the ardent and excitable people of Kentucky. The subservience of the Federalists to England met with bitter opposition, for the latter was regarded as Kentucky's natural enemy. It was from this state that many of the "warhawks" arose who clamored for war against England in 1812. On the other hand, the Kentuckians were distinctly drawn to France. An excitability of character found to a great extent in the Virginians, plus the effects of the frontier and the enthusiasm caused by the French Revolution, made the Kentuckians sympathetic to France and Frenchmen. For, in Kentucky no less than in France, liberty, equality, and fraternity were living realities.

B · O · O · K · S

ARNOLD'S MIND

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Lionel Trilling. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1939. Pp. xiv, 465. \$3.50.

This book is a "biography of Arnold's mind," the first comprehensive attempt to show Arnold against the background of the historical and intellectual events of his time. To this ambitious task, Mr. Trilling brings an immense scholarship together with the insight necessary to read Arnold afresh. The result is a book which would have been pleasing to Arnold himself, for it does for Arnold precisely what he said, in his essay on Heine, it is the business of the critic to do—to place his subject in the main current of ideas. To the student of Arnold and of nineteenth-century England, the book is not only instructive but necessary reading, for it brings into focus the essential quality of the age and shows what it was to be a poet in that age.

Mr. Trilling begins by pointing the contrast, noticed by Arnold's contemporaries, between the sadness of Arnold's poems and the gaiety of his social manner, that manner of the dandy which he affected in order not to be mistaken for the son of Thomas Arnold, the overwhelming Headmaster of Rugby and leader of religious liberalism. He then turns to Arnold *père*, sketching the mind and character of that gentleman and hinting that, in the fullness of time, Matthew will revert to type and embrace those problems concerning politics, society, and religion with which his father had wrestled. Three brilliant chapters follow, the most original criticism in the book, I believe, in which we see Arnold plumb the depths of despair—despair produced in part by his loss of "Marguerite," in part, and more largely, by his tremendous sense of the individual's isolation in the bleak wasteland of a democratic society. "The author of 'Empedocles,'" says Mr. Trilling, "had read Tocqueville on democracy." By 1853, however, we find Arnold taking refuge in the grand manner of the ancients and praising the poetry of action and mental health—the very kind of poetry which his is not. By the time Arnold began his professorship of poetry at Oxford (1857), the mantle of his father had already descended upon him. The age, he declared, was in need of an intellectual deliverance, and, he might have added, he was ready to become one of its deliverers. Then follows Mr. Trilling's analysis of Arnold's career as critic—literary, social, and religious. To name but a few matters: the

tiff over Homer with Francis Newman, type of British provincial; the attack on Bishop Colenso for his heavy-handed criticism of the Bible; Arnold's bland excursions into the theories of race; the failure of the middle class; the social gospel in *Culture and Anarchy* ("the keystone of Arnold's intellectual life"); the religious gospel in *St. Paul and Protestantism* and *Literature and Dogma*. A final chapter traverses the late literary essays, recounts Arnold's adventures in America, and resolves the paradoxes of his career.

One of the chief values of Mr. Trilling's book is that he has refused to choose between Arnold the poet and Arnold the critic. He insists on the essential unity of Arnold's work, a rebuke to the current fashion of dismissing the critic of literature and society but cherishing the poet. The problem is to account for the transformation of a shy, melancholy poet, the burden of whose song is a lament for a lost peace in the midst of confusion, into the robust critic of society and sanguine prophet of Culture. There is, of course, no easy answer. But Mr. Trilling is unusually persuasive when he says: "The poet's vision gave the prose writer his goal. . . . Arnold the poet saw first the problems Arnold the practical man tried to solve." The transition from passive poet to active critic was brought about by Arnold's personal need for affirmation. In taking his bearings he was brought to consider that which conditions the mind itself: society. Now the society in which Arnold found himself was, theoretically, a democracy, and democracies are characterized by the fact that they are dependent for life upon ideas. Ideas, in turn, are dependent upon the critic. Hence the importance of criticism, of the critic—the intellectual high priest in a democratic society. Hence also the fact that "behind every critical judgment of literature Arnold will henceforth make (after 1857) lies a social and political judgment." Behind Arnold's social and political judgments lie two considerations, both of which Mr. Trilling throws into relief for the first time, namely, Arnold's intense awareness of the revolutionary nature of his age and Arnold's theory of the State. Arnold once called the French Revolution "the greatest, the most animating event in history," and Mr. Trilling shows how, for Arnold, the chief critical problem of the nineteenth century was rightly to evaluate the ideas of the Revolution and adapt them to the needs of society. To Arnold, as to his father before him, modern society was chaos, only to be saved, made decent, by the State. "In itself [it is] a bad thing," says Arnold in *Culture and Anarchy*, "that the principle of authority should be so weak here; but whereas in France since the Revolution, a man feels that the power which represses him is the State, is himself, here a man feels that the power

which represses him is the Tories, the upper class, the aristocracy, and so on. . . ." The concept of the State is Arnold's "primary" idea, as he himself recognized. In making this idea the central theme of his book, Mr. Trilling has shown how Arnold's ideas on literature, religion, politics, and society flow from it.

WILLIAM BLACKBURN.

RESTORATION COMEDY—AN ENGLISH PRODUCT

THE RELATION OF MOLIÈRE TO RESTORATION COMEDY. By John Wilcox. New York: Columbia University Press, 1938. Pp. ix, 240. \$3.00.

Professor Wilcox's documented study provides the student of Restoration drama another refutation to the oft-repeated, and seldom investigated, charge of French influence on the drama of England during the reign of Charles II. Professor Alfred Harbage in his *Cavalier Drama* has shown that serious drama in England during the period owed little or nothing to French example. Now Professor Wilcox examines the reputed "influence" of Molière on Restoration comedy and comes to a similar conclusion.

Before engaging in the highly dangerous task of ferreting out influence (he uses the word *relation* in his title), Professor Wilcox has wisely worked out a method (in Chapter II) to define and limit what he means by "influence." In the succeeding chapters he then examines a great many Restoration comedies against this background. While such a method has its limitations, it is on the whole a sensible approach to a problem which is filled with snares for the incautious.

In general the book is a good illustration of the material in hand. But one may cavil at details. The author's tendency to reproach the English playwrights for their failure to recognize Molière's greatness is hardly fair; he is expecting too much of a contemporary point of view. Indeed, it has been only comparatively recently that the students of Molière have come to anything like recognition or agreement on that "greatness." Again Professor Wilcox is inclined to use rather too loosely at times phrases like "realistic reflection of the most amazing social life England has ever known." And Congreve's *Old Bachelor* did not appear "eighteen years after the death of Charles II" (p. 154); it appeared eight years afterwards.

But these remain details and should not obscure the value of the book. The conclusion, that the Restoration dramatists in only thirty of two hundred plays borrowed from Molière and that the borrowings were chiefly superficial, completely sets aside the traditional views of nineteenth-century

critics. Restoration comedy was essentially an English product, and borrowed from Molière no important element.

CHARLES E. WARD.

AN ENGLISH PATRON OF POETS

EDWARD MOXON: *Publisher of Poets*. By Harold G. Merriam. New York: Columbia University Press, 1931. Pp. vii, 222. \$2.75.

Literary history is suffering a sea change from a record of belles-lettres to a story of reading and publishing. No element in this change is of greater importance than the history of publishing, for in many ways a publisher was—and is—a most important director of the course of taste. A number of works have already appeared dealing with English publishers in the nineteenth century, but as yet a sufficient basis for a general study has not been provided. All too frequently the records of a particular firm have been destroyed, and most of the histories of individual publishers have turned out to be gossip of the "I remember when Tennyson came into my office" variety.

Professor Merriam's study of Edward Moxon is unsatisfactory in that it is based on no business records and frequently it neglects to use some of the details which the biographies of Moxon's authors hold in their pages. The first weakness, let me hasten to add, is due to no fault of the writer, for the records are actually lost. In compensation, the literary career of Moxon is featured, along with his relations with the Lambs, with Wordsworth, Rogers, Tennyson, and others. Since the publisher's chief claim to fame is that he was the patron of as brilliant a list of poets as any firm ever catered to, the emphasis in the present volume is justified.

In a simple, straightforward style, the chief facts covering Moxon's history and his activities in connection with his authors are presented. The student of nineteenth-century English literature will profit greatly by a perusal; the student of printing or publishing will be thankful, too, but regretful that so many questions must perforce remain unanswered.

CLARENCE GOHDES.

A TIMELY STUDY

THE COMPTROLLER GENERAL. By Harvey C. Mansfield. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1939. Pp. viii, 303. \$3.00.

Not an inconsiderable public interest in the Comptroller General was generated by President Roosevelt's insistence upon a general reorganization of national administration, one provision of which was the discontinuance

of the Office of Comptroller General as then set up. The report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management and the subsequent bill introduced into Congress with the President's approval constituted the center of an attack unparalleled for its vituperation and the substitution of partisan, factional, and emotional verbiage for reason and fact.

Consequently, Professor Mansfield's study is especially timely. But its value does not rest upon this factor alone. He has written both a history (in its broadest sense) of the Office of Comptroller General and of the first fifteen years of its life under Mr. John Raymond McCarl. One has the feeling that Dr. Mansfield when he began writing this volume had the hope that it would be a history of the life of this office rather than just the first period. In the final pages he was required to note that Congress had not seen fit to abolish the office and that "former Senator Fred H. Brown of New Hampshire" was rumored as the successor to Mr. McCarl. (This rumor has now become a fact.)

At the beginning of his study Professor Mansfield rightly and devastatingly explodes the myth (more or less a newspaper-built one) that the Comptroller is the "watchdog" of the Treasury. As a matter of fact, the entire study refutes this rather popular concept of the office.

The author finds two fundamental faults with the office of the Comptroller General. The first he puts at the feet of the first Comptroller, Mr. John Raymond McCarl. The second he finds in the setup of the office itself.

Thus he holds that although Congress undoubtedly "expected to be furnished with the materials that would enable it to criticize and appraise executive performance" it received no such information from Mr. McCarl. In a single sentence Professor Mansfield summarizes the attitude of the first Comptroller to his office: "Although zealous to extend his controverted powers he has left in flabby disuse the powers that are everywhere acknowledged to be peculiarly his." In no single instance since 1921 has this office figured in the uncovering of "financial knavery" of the bigger type. Its "scalps," the author finds, are those of the smaller type. The history of McCarl's stewardship is told in the bickerings between his office and those of other administrative offices over small petty matters such as the forms to be used in reporting, where the audit would take place, etc. The atmosphere of the Comptroller General's office was everything but conducive to a smooth working with other departments and branches of government which was essential to its success.

But the original error belongs to the Congress that confused the nature of administrative and legislative controls. Because of this confusion an

office was created with powers sufficient to defeat the purpose of both. Rightly Professor Mansfield states the problem as that of reconciling "administrative control with legislative control." "The solution," he writes, "is accountability to an independent auditor, stripped of all control functions." Again, he says: "It is the thesis of this study that the auditor's objection should bring a questioned transaction automatically before Congress, but that the administrative course of action should stand unless Congress modifies it." With such an arrangement it would be impossible for the Comptroller to substitute, as Mr. McCarl did on occasions, his own interpretation of the law and thus prevent or delay the proper administering of the law. "Disallowance," observes Professor Mansfield, "is a weapon of control implicit in the power to settle accounts. To the extent that it is available and effective, it can be invoked to enforce any interpretation of the laws, including those establishing his own jurisdiction, that the Comptroller General chooses to adopt. And this is what happened."

In this study the author has given us a lucid and at times a penetrating historical analysis of financial control and accountability from 1789 through 1937. Although one might suspect that a lengthy article could have done justice to the subject it must be admitted that the author has handled his material well.

RAY F. HARVEY.

A PLAYWRIGHT PREOCCUPIED WITH SIN

THE FAMILY REUNION. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1939. Pp. 131. \$1.50.

Mr. Eliot has not lacked for boldness. He remolded Hamlet in his own image, and closed the iron gates upon Milton. He now measures himself with the masters of the Oresteia. This interesting play is more than a pastiche of Greek tragedy, Ibsen, Strindberg, Thomas Mann, motion pictures, newspapers, and other sources. It displays what we would expect of the author: thoughtful design, subtlety of spiritual experience, and rebellion against an American Puritanism which he cannot shake off.

The idea or conception behind the hero-villain is not the Greek conflict of duties. In one phase it holds for a man's rejecting the clinging conventionality represented by some women. It sets itself explicitly as opposed to the metaphysic of Dostoevski when the great novelist associated crime and punishment as a field for genuine Christianity. It is not crime but sin that preoccupies the playwright. It is expiable sin that can and

must be converted into salvation. It is sin which is inherent in the nature of things. A man fears for his own soul and saves it—as if he were one of a chosen few. There is no sign that he forgets himself, loses himself so as to effect the redemption of others. Happy though an audience may become over the hero's progress to deliverance, it can scarcely rise cleansed in either a Greek or a Christian sense. The product is Puritan.

The play is highly provocative. A review is too short an instrument to deal with the elements of interest adequately. As to the dialogue and its form, Mr. Eliot has not presented us with a final solution of modern difficulties over dramatic verse.

EDGAR C. KNOWLTON.

A SAGA OF LOST TREASURE

APACHE GOLD AND YAQUI SILVER. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1939. Pp. xiv, 366. \$3.50.

Somewhere in the mountains of the Southwest, in 1864, a freighter by the name of Adams and several companions were guided by a gotch-eared, Indianized Mexican into a nugget-strewn canyon. They spent several joyous days picking up gold and placing it in an Indian mortar under the flagstone hearth of their improvised hut. Then all but four were killed by the Apaches. Of these four, one had already left. The other three spent the rest of their lives trying to get back to Adams' Diggings; and they were only the vanguard of the numbers who have trudged over desert and mountain on foot and on burro, and flown by plane, seeking a box canyon with a Z-shaped entrance, the gateway to millions.

Somewhere in the Sierra Madre in Mexico are the Tayopa mines, worked in the sixteenth century of the Jesuits, worked by Indian slave labor, and worked secretly to avoid payment of the royalty due the Spanish crown. Late in the seventeenth century the Yaquis revolted and drove out their masters; and since that time these bronze men of the Sierras, the most skilled of all tribes in the refinements of torture, knowing that precious metals bring the white man and slavery, have guarded their secret as zealously as ever Southern gentleman guarded the honor of his women-folk, guarded it so successfully that the Tayopa mines to this day present no problems of labor and expropriation.

J. Frank Dobie, the chronicler of these and other sagas of lost treasure, has combined the techniques of the research scholar and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He has ferreted in archives; he has interviewed dozens of men; he has traveled over the ground, often on the back of a

mule; and he has accompanied seekers on their journeys. Written in mature prose, the stories he has told are inherently as interesting as ever was quest for the Holy Grail.

What interests the author chiefly, however, are "the flavorsome characters" who have sought the riches, "the vast lands in which [they] lie hidden, and the 'pictures and conversations' that Alice in Wonderland so approved of." Among these flavorsome folk are James B. Gray, ex-Rough Rider and soldier of fortune, the one man who knows where Adams' Diggings is, "the only man also who has brought out some gold—and has no idea of going back." He is now an intense Rosicrucian and cares nothing for money, but Dobie suspects that he has another reason for not going back. There is Michael Cooney, an Irishman, "which means that he had imagination and optimism." One gets the impression that it was the love of standing on some cliff to "watch an eagle soar and mark where its shadow skimmed the ground" as much as the hoping of finding gold that kept Cooney on his quest from 1880 to 1914. And there were the three Mexican peasants whom Dobie found trying to locate Tayopa mines by blowing on a long horn on which "was carved in bold, rude lettering VIVA DIOS (LONG LIVE GOD)." If the third echo came back as clear as the original blast, only shriller, they would know that Tayopa was near. And there were a host of other interesting folk.

Dobie likes them: "They have not been educated out of a feel for the earth." Neither has he. He likes also the land which they inhabit—"much of it still wild mountain land destined to be untameable forever." He likes to go to a country where man has not "while mouthing about 'Progress,' drained stinking oil into a quiet marsh so that a country man living beside it could never again catch a mess of fish from its pools or watch lovely birds feed among its reeds."

MODY C. BOATRIGHT.

THE ANATOMY OF POWER

POWER: *A New Social Analysis*. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1938. Pp. 315. \$2.50.

Today men are beginning to be concerned with the anatomy of power. It is no longer satisfying to speak of power in the sense of its being identical with physical force. A re-evaluation of the whole concept is needed. Among those who have attacked the problem in a more realistic sense are Merriam and Lasswell in America, Mosca and Pareto in Italy, Spengler and Treitschke in Germany. To this list we must now add

Bertrand Russell. His *Power: A New Social Analysis* is important not so much because it adds any body of fundamental information to the subject but precisely because of its clarity and simplicity. It is a book which the layman can read with interest and value. But no less is it worth the time of the scholar and the intellectual.

Russell sees more clearly than many others who have concerned themselves with the same subject matter the nature of power. Power is the common denominator of society. "In the course of this book I shall be concerned to prove that the fundamental concept in social science is power, in the same sense in which Energy is the fundamental concept in physics" (p. 12). The thinking of the last two centuries has been confused because of the failure to recognize or to admit this. Instead, we have tried to segregate power into kinds, types or forms, and to treat each as a separate entity having no relation to any other. Because of this we have had antisocial decisions from the Supreme Court, such as the *Adkins* case (1923). Russell insists rightly that "it is not altogether true that persuasion is one thing and force is another. Many forms of persuasion—even many which everybody approves—are really a kind of force. . . . The ethics of power cannot consist in distinguishing some kinds of power as legitimate and others as illegitimate. . . . We must judge the exercise of power by its effects, and we must therefore first make up our minds what effects we desire" (pp. 261 *passim*).

Power is not a phenomenon peculiar to the state alone. Simply, power is the capacity of one individual to cause the action of another or others to conform with his own desires. The state as an institution has been accorded the dominant position among the power groups of society. But the essence of the power situation lies not in the state as an abstraction but in the group or class which controls the state. History demonstrates that there has been and is a struggle between competing groups to take over the institution of the state because its position is enhanced greatly when it can cloak its activities under the color of the state and has at its command the dignity and traditional powers associated only with the state.

That the primary motivating power in human behavior is economic has been accepted by many outstanding scholars. "In our day," Russell writes, "it is common to treat economic power as the source from which all other kinds are derived; this, I shall contend, is just as great an error as that of the purely military historians whom it has caused to seem out of date." Again: "Economic power, unlike military power, is not primary, but derivative." And because he has tried to treat it for the most part as "derivative" he fails to get all that he should out of his study. But

even Russell, in the end when he attempts to show how democracy may become effective, treats economic power as one of the primary sources and by his mere statement implies its priority to other powers. "Political democracy," he says, "while it solves a part of our problem, does not by any means solve the whole. Marx pointed out that there could be no equalization of power through politics alone, while economic power remained monarchical or oligarchic" (p. 284).

Lord Acton's famous aphorism ("All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely") summarizes the popular attitude toward power for the past two centuries. The Founding Fathers would have agreed with this sentiment wholeheartedly. Power has been the *enfant terrible* of American "climates of opinion" (to borrow from Whitehead). The early Americans accepted the dicta of Montesquieu and Burlamaqui that governmental power has to be separated in order to preserve the liberties of the people. To this idea we still pay patriotic loyalty. This fear of power has been reconsecrated under the New Deal. All attempts to extend governmental power to meet the social needs of the times have been met with the charges of bureaucracy and even dictatorship. But the democracies are confronted today with the problem of making democracy "democ." If this cannot be done then we are threatened with the "man on horseback." Really what the American fears is not all power but governmental power. We are quite willing to allow economic power as wielded by great corporations, because we have not as yet recognized their area of control as power and as belonging in the same category with the power of the state. Basically, however, the difficulty lies in our inability to see that government power is the power of such economic groups. Russell sees the former, if not the latter, quite clearly and because he does, his last chapter, "The Taming of Power," is probably his best.

RAY F. HARVEY.

VICTORIA'S JOHN BROWN

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MR. BROWN. By Evelyn E. P. Tisdall. New York: F. A. Stokes Company, 1938. Pp. 323. \$3.00.

There has been enough legitimate curiosity about Queen Victoria's Mr. Brown to justify a book about him. Except for a brief pamphlet of some twenty pages, the story of John Brown has always been subsidiary to some other story. Now Mr. Tisdall for the first time attempts a full-length portrait of him.

Unfortunately the complete story of the extraordinary Highland gillie

who rose to the position of personal servant and friend to Queen Victoria—some said to that of the power behind the throne—can never be told. The materials for the complete story perished when General Ponsonby impounded John Brown's personal diaries at the time of his death and burned them. What remains is told by Mr. Tisdall, but it must necessarily be spread very thin. Much of his information he has derived from the Queen's letters and journals and is not new. His own contribution seems to be principally that of gathering all the information together and adding to it an interesting account of public reaction to Brown.

Brown entered the Queen's services as one of the Balmoral gillies in 1849 and rose in 1858 to the position of the Queen's personal attendant in Scotland. In 1864 he became her personal attendant on all occasions, never absenting himself for a single day until his short illness and death in 1883. He bestowed his full loyalty but scant courtesy upon Victoria, addressing her as "wumman" and ordering her about even in the presence of others. It was probably this downrightness, coupled with some jealousy, that accounted for his general unpopularity, which was mitigated in part only when he showed extraordinary coolness and bravery in forestalling one of the several attacks upon the life of the Queen.

Brown's influence upon Victoria was remarkable; indeed, it remains the central mystery about him. After the death of Albert it often seemed to those about her that she relied more upon the advice of her faithful servant than that of anyone else. Mr. Tisdall does not dodge his responsibilities. He attempts an explanation of this influence, of which the whole nation began to complain once it knew. He is prepared to accept the story that R. J. Lees, the spiritualist, who claimed to have been in touch with the dead Prince Consort, reported to the Queen that his spirit guide would not permit him to remain in close attendance upon her but had designated another who could bring her in touch with the Prince. This was John Brown. The story rests upon flimsy evidence and is of doubtful authenticity. Nevertheless, it seems likely that whether spiritualism entered into the matter or not, John Brown was in some manner associated in the Queen's mind with Prince Albert. The explanation may be no more occult than that both treated her as a woman and not as a Queen.

Mr. Tisdall's book is readable and to some extent informative in spite of its numerous lacunae. Unfortunately it is not always carefully written. A surprising grammatical error creeps in, General Ponsonby is confused with Viscount Ponsonby, the American Charles Francis Adams is rendered Adam, the Congress of Berlin is advanced a decade toward our own times, and several other dates are incorrect. The latter occur in a

final chapter devoted to a historical survey of England from 1860 to 1883. It comes as an anticlimax after poor Brown has been laid in his grave and would probably be better omitted. Such of it as might be desirable could be interwoven with the story of John Brown.

C. L. CLINE.

PURE ORE

THE ESSENCE OF TRAGEDY. By Maxwell Anderson. Washington, D. C.: Anderson House, 1939. Pp. 53. \$1.25.

This little book is almost pure ore. Its quality suggests a conundrum. How may a writer today be not only eloquent but also patient, patient enough to be sensible? Modest eloquence is rare. Mr. Anderson does not dilate academically on the Aristotelian discussion of recognition in drama, but realizes in it a fundamental truth to what lies deepest in human nature. He reveals how this creative motif functions in Elizabethan and recent drama. Such critical capacity in a playwright is comforting. He is concerned with everlasting values and not merely temporary solutions. Mr. Anderson is no defeatist. The meaning of tragedy, as he perceives, is that only by defeat—experience of the worst—can men attain victory and self-conquest. A work of art may give a glimpse of the godlike in man—a belief in destiny bound up with a love of truth and justice. Coupled with such solemnity is a quality of discerning humor which can believe that our wise forefathers wanted deliberately a balanced government “by normally honest and fairly incompetent amateurs.” In fine, the substance of the whole volume whets the appetite for Mr. Anderson’s further experiments in criticism and in poetic drama.

EDGAR C. KNOWLTON.

A HIGH CHURCH ROMANTICIST

RICHARD UPJOHN, ARCHITECT AND CHURCHMAN. By Everard Miller Upjohn. Foreword by Kenneth J. Conant. New York: Columbia University Press, 1939. Pp. xvii, 243. 110 figs. \$4.00.

“The object is not to surprise with novelties in church Architecture, but to make what is to be made truly ecclesiastical—a Temple of solemnities—such as will fix the attention of persons, and make them respond in heart and spirit to the opening service—‘The Lord is in his Holy Temple—let all the earth keep silence.’” Thus did Richard Upjohn, born in Shaftesbury, England, in 1802 and reared in the Established Church, put into words the deep religious conviction to which he gave material ex-

pression in the multitude of church buildings which he designed in America between 1836 and 1868. Although those buildings may be found, literally, from Maine to Florida and from coast to coast, doubtless the best known of all is Trinity Church (1839-46), now dwarfed at the head of Wall Street by the commercial giants of another era.

In a day when elevation of the altar above the pulpit still smacked of popery, Upjohn dared to insist upon liturgical character in church planning as a necessity for the growing revival of medieval ritual. To him, as to Pugin, the Gothic was the one style best befitting a church. That an attempt to recapture the spirit of a past age seemed more admirable then than now rests beside the point. Upjohn's transformation of the Gothic Revival in this country from a romantic affectation to a purposeful solution of an ecclesiastical problem was a great step forward in nineteenth-century architecture, though much of that ground was to be lost in the meaningless display of the later Victorian Gothic. The change of emphasis initiated by Upjohn had immediate connections with the Oxford Movement, begun in 1833, and the subsequent foundation of the Cambridge Camden Society in 1839, and as such it becomes of moment not less to the social historian than to the student of architectural history.

It is also significant from both points of view that Upjohn early abandoned the Gothic style in secular architecture as being unseemly for buildings other than churches, and stressed instead the Renaissance. Perhaps because of the lack of a dominant traditional style for domestic and civic building, his eclecticism in designing such structures draws him closer, in current estimation, to the rank and file of his unhappy contemporaries in that field.

The directness and sincerity which set him apart from his fellows in the field of church architecture, especially that for the Episcopal communion, were reflected in the annual donation of his architectural services to some poor mission parish. The same qualities achieved more widespread influence through his disinterested efforts to found and perfect the American Institute of Architects as an instrument for raising the standards of the profession which had but recently emerged from among the trades. He served as first president of that organization for the nineteen years from 1857 to 1876—a period when office practice was still in a primitive state. The necessity for copying by hand important drawings or correspondence gave room for negligence which leaves us now in possession of many of the answers but fewer of Richard Upjohn's letters which provoked them.

Despite this loss, Everard Upjohn, as a descendant in the fourth generation of the Upjohn architectural dynasty, has had access to an enviable

array of sources in personal recollections, diaries, letters, office records, and original drawings. But though a loyal great-grandson, he is likewise an assistant professor of fine arts at Columbia University. Throughout this definitive biography he has maintained an objectivity which permits him to deplore the "stupid intolerance" of his illustrious ancestor in refusing to design a church for a Unitarian congregation, and to describe an unfortunate system of hammerbeam trusses as having the complexity of the "diagram of an organic compound."

Rigorous selection of examples to illustrate the development of Richard Upjohn's style, both in ecclesiastical and secular buildings, has made advisable three appendices cataloguing all the architect's commissions on the basis of relative importance and geographical location. If the bibliography appears short, it should be observed that these appendices contain notices of many antiquarian and other books and pamphlets concerning individual buildings, together with references to the office correspondence involved. Photographs of the buildings discussed, many accompanied by reproductions of the original drawings, are carefully labeled and grouped at the end for ready reference. One plate is reproduced from *Upjohn's Rural Architecture* (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1852).

The just balance of principle and practice in Richard Upjohn's life and work is suggested even in the title of this book, and the volume is destined to take its chronological place between the publications of the last decade on Jefferson and Mills, and on Richardson and Sullivan. Only with the multiplication of such scholarly studies will it be possible to evaluate the major figures of the period in proper perspective against the nineteenth-century scene.

LOUISE HALL.

FAMILY HISTORY

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT: *A Colonial Romance*. By Jeannette Marks. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938. Pp. xix, 709. \$5.00.

Miss Marks has attempted a detailed study of the family of the Barrett from 1655, when it set foot on Jamaica, through its vicissitudes in colonial plantation life, with the idea that "the control, both remote and close, of the West Indian backgrounds is singularly and mysteriously evident throughout the lives of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett and Robert Browning, in the case of the Barretts for two hundred and fifty years of their epical family life, adventurous, brilliant, romantic." Much is to be said for the

illuminating possibilities of family history in any settled, propertied society or ruling class of any continuity.

In pursuing this happy thought Miss Marks has done an astonishing amount of work in records in two hemispheres. For this work and the source book she has compiled from it, not only Barrett students but those of Jamaican life as well will doubtless be grateful. But as anything but a source book the results of this prodigious labor are disappointing. Coming from an author of long, "professional" experience the book is a murky maze of ill-digested information. It has all the faults of the doctoral dissertation type of writing together with those of the enthusiastic but inexperienced sentimentalist. The author has seen either actually or in a lively imagination every place, each incident she describes, but she leaves the reader in confusion.

As for her main thesis, when we have finished reading the book, we still wonder why one of the Barretts should have been able to write the poetry she did. We are not given any more confidence in the validity of the thesis that Mrs. Browning was the product of the family's Jamaican background by such contentions as that which in one chapter attributes her father's notorious tyranny of behavior to his inbred "plantocracy," as if parental sourness were solely confined to slave-owning papas, and in yet another chapter traces the behavior to insanity. If a poet is a product of her family why not also examine the mother's side of it? Perhaps someone will take Miss Marks's idea, use her work and digest it, and give us something which will, if not convince, at least hold the attention.

W. B. HAMILTON.



